

# The TATLER

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# THE TATLER

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*Janet Jevons*

## A Dame of Grace: the Countess of Cromer

The Countess of Cromer is the Lady County President of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in Somerset, one of the senior women members of the Order, and also an officer of the St. John Ambulance Nursing Division (103), No. 1 (Prince of Wales's) District, London—a hard worker in this good cause. Before her marriage to the Earl of Cromer in 1908, she was Lady Ruby Elliot, elder sister of the Earl of Minto. She has a son, Lord Errington, in the Grenadier Guards, and two daughters, Lady Rosemary Hills, whose husband is Headmaster of Bradfield College, and Lady Violet Vernon, who is married to a major in her brother's regiment. Lord Cromer had an interesting diplomatic career, then was Lord Chamberlain of the Household from 1922 to 1938, serving in this capacity in three reigns. Until last summer he was Chairman of the British Red Cross





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## A Very Gallant Gentleman

THE closing days of the struggle in Greece revealed King George of the Hellenes in the finest light. To the end he remained calm, resolute and efficient. His was the determination which made it possible for Sir Archibald Wavell to make his final arrangements for the forces of the Empire, and it was in personal consultation with the King that the British commander-in-chief took those heavy decisions. At every point there was complete mutual confidence. At no moment was there a hint of recrimination.

Indeed, it was a touching feature of those days, when the British and Greek forces were fighting shoulder to shoulder against gigantic odds, that King George and his commanders overwhelmed our people with apologies for "letting us down." Never had a people less reason to reproach themselves. Seldom has Britain had to help so valiant an ally.

## An Unjustified Slur

FOR this reason Greek feelings were a little hurt that certain sections of the British Press should have felt justified in those difficult hours in reproaching the Government for sending the Imperial Force to Greece. In Athens it was not unnaturally felt that this was an implied reproach on Greek valour. Nor was it probably known by the critics that no sort of pressure had ever been exerted by either side.

Even when Mr. Eden was first in Athens, during his latest visit to the Near East, he received unsolicited from King George a written assurance that Greece had already decided that she would resist the Germans as she had resisted the Italians, even if she had to do so alone.

Nor is there the slightest truth in the statement that General Wavell was persuaded against his better judgment to dispatch the Imperial Force. I have reason to believe, on the contrary, that he was the strongest advocate of that decision.

## Still on Greek Soil

BY retiring with his Government to Crete King George was able to remain on Greek soil at least for a time. That was of great importance for though certain sections of his armies had been compelled to lay down arms the main body was performing a task of the greatest value with heroism which has been generously recognised. But existence in Crete cannot be easy. As the German air force bases are extended south the scale of attack which they can bring to bear on the island is bound to increase. From Athens to Candia, as the plane flies, is no more than a couple of hundred miles.

Incidentally the bombers of the Luftwaffe can now be brought to within 500 miles of Alexandria and the Suez Canal. It is, therefore, good to know that the R.A.F. strength in the Near and Middle East is now very great, operating with machines of all the latest types, which have a positive superiority over the latest turned out by the German factories. On them will fall a large part of the burden of stemming the German drive on Egypt.

Last week it was interesting to note that German reporters with the army in Greece were admitting astonishment at the fierce resistance put up by the small Allied forces, while similar reports were coming from North Africa, where the stubborn resistance of the Tobruk garrison and the general difficulties of operating in the desert were beginning to impress themselves on Berlin.

## London Speculations

IN all the circumstances it was natural that there should be much speculation in London as to the probable next line of German pressure when the campaign in the Balkans had been brought to an end. As usual the Nazis, indefatigable in pursuit of their grandiose ambitions, were preparing the ground in many different areas. As a threat to Russia, German labour corps were completing the "East Wall" fortifications while steadily increasing troop concentrations were observed at strategic points in Eastern Germany and the occupied countries.

Good relations were being cultivated with Finland where, as in neighbouring Sweden, fears of Russia have always taken precedence over fears of Germany. German troops were reported moving from Northern Norway towards Finland. German army headquarters at Königsberg, Warsaw and Cracow were said to be standing ready to execute a major thrust along all Russia's European frontiers. With the German right flank secured in the Balkans, it was suggested, Germany would feel free to settle with Russia and, in the process, lay hands on the agricultural and mineral wealth of Ukraine and Transcaucasia.

German agitators who have been active in Iraq were reported moving into Syria with plans, and ample financial resources, to plot the overthrow of the existing order there. Indeed, as seen from that part of the world, the stage was being set either for a German drive against Russia, leaving Turkey on one side, or for a twin operation against the Suez Canal, through Turkey, Syria and Palestine from the north and across Libya from the south. Observed movements of German forces certainly tended to confirm the impression that one or other of these moves was imminent. The presence in Berlin of the German Ambassadors to Moscow and Ankara emphasised the view that Hitler would try to gain his next and largest eastern objectives by menace rather than in battle.

## Threats to the Peninsula

WHILE the student of affairs in East Europe and West Asia might feel convinced that Germany would carry on east-south-east, others, no less competent, studying the course of affairs in Spain, Portugal and French North Africa were no less convinced that the next German blow would be aimed in their direction.

It was quite properly recalled that the excuse for an attack on Greece was provided months in advance by statements that the British were planning to land forces at Salonika. Now the German-controlled Spanish Press is saying that Britain proposes to land in Portugal; alternatively that Portugal is the

one part of Europe where American forces could be established. Since it has been known for some time that a German plan exists for invasion of Portugal by sea, these new signs could not lightly be put aside.

Most conveniently Vichy became the source of reports dispatched to all parts of the world proclaiming that Hitler had requested General Franco for permission to dispatch six armoured divisions across Spain for the northwards attack on Gibraltar. Other hints were given that Spain was about to join the Axis alliance, while the Falangist newspapers echoed and elaborated statements by Generals Franco and Aranda that Spain had an historical right to extend her territories in North Africa—presumably at the expense of France. Suddenly it was announced from the United States, again via Vichy, that General Franco had again refused to grant passage for German troops through Spain. Presumably the influence of the Spanish army leaders had been greater than that of Señor Suñer, Franco's Falangist brother-in-law Foreign Minister.

London weighed up the probabilities and noted that, so far as information was available, German troop concentrations in France were less rather than greater; that a Peninsula campaign would take the Nazi armies ever farther from their oil supplies. Thus it seemed unlikely that the German western thrust would develop immediately.

## Turmoil in France

WHILE these Axis diplomatic moves were proceeding the political turmoil in France was developing in always more complicated forms. Admiral Darlan, apparently convinced that reliance must be placed in a total German



## Working for the War Refugees

Viscountess Halifax and the Countess of Abingdon were at a bazaar in New York in aid of Refugees of England, Inc., the charity of which Lady Abingdon is the moving spirit. It helps refugees from all the occupied countries who are now in Britain, and is one of the innumerable channels by which America's incredible generosity reaches war-torn Europe.



victory, was reported to have fallen foul of Marshal Pétain because he had placed French oil stocks in North Africa at the disposal of the German forces in Tripoli, and had allowed French merchantmen to help in carrying German armoured columns and supplies from Italy to North Africa.

In furtherance of his efforts to swing France and French North Africa into full collaboration against Britain Hitler caused rumours to be widely circulated that he was prepared to make important concessions to France. It was added that General Weygand must now be replaced, Marshal Pétain elevated to a still less influential though more decorative role and Laval and Bonnet brought back into the Government at Vichy.

While the politicians were fighting among themselves reports continued to reach England of a steadily rising French spirit of animosity against the German oppressors and a growing sympathy with the Free French movement of General de Gaulle, who is now in the Near East. The fact that French Somaliland is now entirely surrounded by British occupied territory and must rely on British goodwill for supplies of all kinds, and the growth of unrest in French-protected Syria probably provide General de Gaulle with much food for thought and some scope for action at the present time.

### Telling the Americans

WHEN he addressed a luncheon of the American Chambers of Commerce last week, Mr. John G. Winant, the American Ambassador, dropped an important hint. Though he spoke it in his now familiar quiet tones he reflected a feeling which has been growing in and around the American Embassy

for the past few weeks. "What America wants is not propaganda by understanding," said Mr. Winant. "That means that they must know the facts."

For some unexplained reason, however, America is not being allowed to know those very facts best calculated to spur on the United States to active support of our cause.

American correspondents have tried to send accounts of the circumstances in which the equipment made for Britain by the American factories, paid for by the American taxpayer and "lent" to Britain, have been sunk en route to these shores. They have done so because they are advised that only by this form of education will the American people grasp the true seriousness of the struggle. They have not been allowed to send these reports. Countless similar examples could be cited.

President Roosevelt is trying to steady opinion in the United States by urging a better sense of perspective. The war, he said, would not be won or lost by one sea battle or one retreat in the Mediterranean. But that he should have had to say so shows that a dangerous situation is developing out there once again.

On the one hand the people are told that Britain "can take it," has no need of man-power and, indeed, can win the war single-handed so long as American factories will turn out the equipment. On the other hand, British versions of the news from all fronts reach America tardily and lacking in all colour to carry conviction. Sensational stories from Axis inspired sources, arriving hours and even days earlier, set the trend of popular beliefs.

As a result there is revival of two unfavour-

able lines of American thought. One is that the British have no need of help in a hurry. The other is that the British are past being helped; that the United States should keep its powder dry at home.

### False Pride

WE are by nature a proud people, disliking to admit that we stand in need of help from any quarter—particularly upon the sea. The Americans, on the contrary, are an emotional people who respond readily to a forthright appeal. That such an appeal should come from proud Britain lends it greater force in American eyes and guarantees that the desired response will be forthcoming.

When Lord Lothian landed back in the United States after his last visit to Britain he told the American people that Britain was at the end of her financial resources. Within a matter of weeks the Lend-Lease Bill appeared as America's response to that appeal.

Today our need is very great. We shall have to tell the American people about it or risk the loss of their effective support in our most critical hours. In doing so we may give some encouragement to the enemy. But that would matter very little in the long run. Indeed, if it encourage false hopes in Germany it might work to our ultimate advantage. The alternative, in any case, is too grim to bear contemplation.

I mentioned last week the fact that we now have in London a team of American staff officers and diplomats of the highest possible standing. Some of these men are not as happy as they might be. The reason can be expressed in the simple words "the British are hard to help."



### Discussing the War Work of Boy Scouts

Sir Alfred Pickford, for many years Commissioner for Publicity for the Boy Scouts Association, and Lord Somers, Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth since the death of Lord Baden-Powell, were discussing the importance of the work done by scouts since war began. At least 178 different kinds of jobs have come their way since September, 1939, many of them connected with Civil Defence and A.R.P. Rover Scouts have particularly distinguished themselves as signallers, many in convoy work. Lord Somers has said that the Scout Movement is willing to offer help and co-operation to any of the new movements now started for the benefit of youth



### Inspecting Raid Damage in Belfast

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester visited Northern Ireland last week and spent four hours touring the bombed areas in Belfast. With them here are the Rt. Hon. J. M. Andrews, M.P., Ulster's Prime Minister since Lord Craigavon died last autumn, and Sir Craeford McCullagh, Lord Mayor of Belfast. The last-named was Lord Mayor during the last war (1914-16), and has held office continuously since 1931. He is also a member of the Ulster Senate



# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Seven Films to Live With

"LIST, list, O, list," said the Ghost in *Hamlet*, thereby signifying that in life he had been a great maker of lists. So am I. I have a passion for lists which is almost a mania. The world's twelve most successful courtesans, the best hundred sagas by contemporary novelists, the six best-favoured dance-band conductors, the fifteen most incompetent British film directors. Yes, give me a pencil, a piece of paper, and a list to compile, and I will play for hours. I have the laundry mind.

Judge, then, of the delight with which I take up the challenge recently flung down by my gracious but exceedingly doughty colleague, Miss Lejeune. This was in connection with the best seven films with which to be snowbound for a whole winter. Her own selection was *Snow White*, *Un Carnet de Bal*, *Our Town*, *Stage Coach*, *The Long Voyage Home*, *Destry Rides Again*, *Le Roman d'un Tricheur*. And the article ended: "This horrid parlour game is now open to all."

THUS encouraged, I spent the rest of that Sunday making inquiries. A young high-brow with whom I was lunching rattled off without pausing for memory or breath: Robert Wiene's *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*, Pudovkin's *Storm Over Asia*, Otzép's *The Brothers Karamazov*, Fritz Lang's *M*, Pabst's *Kameradschaft*, and the Marx Brothers in *Duck Soup*.

A man about town voted for *La Kermesse Heroïque*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *La Femme du Boulanger*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *Pygmalion*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. My

house-boy, who was at one time a cinema attendant, chose *Lost Horizon*, *Dark Victory*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Broadway Melody 1940*, *Seven Sinners*, *Ninotchka*, *Old Mother Riley*, *M.P.*

MY criticisms are that my colleague's list is too recent. Can it be that the world's seven best, or most comfortable or escapist, films were all made yesterday? For my young intellectual's list I have the greatest respect, except that it, like its compiler, seems to me to be dead from the neck downwards. While, on the whole, I prefer my house-boy to my man about town.

But the major trouble with all these lists seems to me to be that their scope is not wide enough. Here is my list, and if it does not attain a greater comprehensiveness, embracing more kinds of films each great in its way, I will eat as many yards of celluloid as Miss Lejeune may determine.

ONE. *Broken Blossoms*. Because of its resemblance to an Eastern poem I once read consisting of a single line:—

"Oh, these wistaria flowers."

Because of the ache and beauty Richard Barthelmess got into the performance of the Chinese boy. Because of Lillian Gish, and her close resemblance in those days to the pictures of the youthful Sarah Bernhardt. I can see her now, with her hair falling down the sides of her pinched, woe-begone face, and all the expressiveness of that wistful countenance drawn from the eyes down the long suspense of the nose and coming to final meaning in

the trembling mouth. A lovely little creature.

TWO. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. I remember that this was advertised as Shakespeare in Music; Wagner in Pictures; Michael Angelo in Words." The film may not have been all these but, golly, it did contain the one and only Rudolph Valentino.

THREE. *The Gold Rush*. Leave out Charlie Chaplin? Over my dead body!

FOUR. *The Blue Angel*. Did we not g about hailing Jannings as one of the world great actors? Yes, of course we did. And were we wrong? I think not. Is there any film actor living today who is possessed of the sheer power of Jannings, who always in his massivity reminded me of Richter's handling of Wagner. Harry Baur comes to mind as a possible answer; there is no other.

And Dietrich? Of Réjane the late C. E. Montague wrote his famous: "Her genius was sex bejewelled with every invention of cunning and charm that in civilised history—perhaps long before—the instinct has forged for its armoury, so that you felt she was the last, up to date, of the line of Helen and Sappho and Queen Cleopatra and Mary Stuart, and all the women famous in history for womanishness. The craft which spoke in her voice and her eyes was the sum and perfection of what, in all but the most noble ages, most men have wished women to have instead of high intellect." Consider this in relation to La Dietrich. I, for one, should not hesitate to write: "She was, among film actresses, the first in the line of Helen and Sappho . . ."

FIVE. *Scarface*. To leave out the gangster film would be like omitting, say, Restoration comedy from one's list of the best in English drama. I shall always hold this film to be the most poignant of the gangster school, with Paul Muni's magnificent playing throughout and the unforgettable moment of George Raft's dying. As a rule "unforgettable" is the critical jargon for something the critic won't remember tomorrow. I have never forgotten the way Raft sinks down unable to speak but with exculpation in his eyes and the slow shake of his head.

SIX. *Pépé-le-Moko*.

The French version with Jean Gabin. I have a real nostalgia for this film, and if I were to choose one picture to live with, this would be it. The moment when the fat man, seeking shelter behind the mechanical piano, accidentally sets it playing, is in my view the most dramatically effective thing the cinema has given us since Jannings's cock-crow.

SEVEN. I hate to agree with anybody, but my vote here must go to *Un Carnet de Bal*.

AT this point somebody may say: "Where are the British films in this list." And echo, instead of answering "Where," replies correctly "List." Well, I'm listening. And when I hear, let alone see, a British film that I would include in the best seven hundred or so, I will apprise readers of THE TATLER accordingly.



The Young Lillian Gish

Mr. Agate puts "*Broken Blossoms*," of which Lillian Gish was the star, among his seven favourite films. He invites readers to note the close resemblance of the Lillian Gish of those days to the pictures of the youthful Sarah Bernhardt



The Young Sarah Bernhardt



# Hollywood Premiere :

Stars in their best clothes face the crowds and the flashlights at the first showing of "Meet John Doe," Gary Cooper's latest



An Anglo-French couple—Pat Paterson and her husband, Charles Boyer



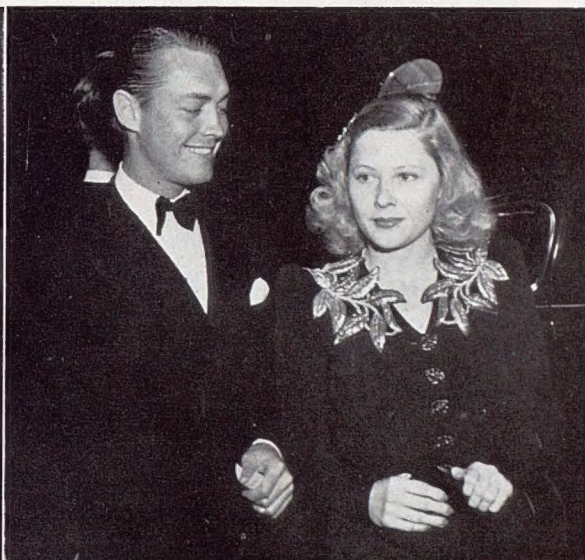
Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond



The star and the producer of the evening's film, Gary Cooper and John Goetz, with Mrs. Cooper (left) and Mrs. Goetz



Actress and author—Myrna Loy and Louis ("The Rains Came") Bromfield



The younger generation—Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle



Greeting smiles in profile—Vincent Price and Anita Louise



Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall—she is Frances Langford



Annabella, Tyrone Power and Joseph M. Schenck, president of 20th Century-Fox Studios



George Murphy and Loretta Young, and Nunally Johnson at the back



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## "Women Aren't Angels" (Strand)

THIS farce by Vernon Sylvaine, in which characters, still further to brighten the dialogue, answer to such surnames as Butch, Bandle and Popday; in which husbands hunt, or are hunted by their wives, in pairs; in which pretty girls in dishabille are bundled behind curtains at short notice to avoid—or can it be to arouse?—suspicion; and in which, though there may be only one set, variety of costume is achieved by playing General Post with the wardrobe; this farce, resuming at the Strand, the run that was interrupted by the blitz, is a very fair specimen of its hale and hearty and harum-scarum type.

For two acts it proceeds professionally if not very memorably on its course, Mr. Alfred Drayton and Mr. Robinson Hare putting their bald heads together to keep things lively by scrambling out of the frying-pans into fires. Then, in the third act, come the two high-spots, consisting of a couple of scenes in which these expert comedians, attired in the costumes of their stage wives, successively resist the attentions of a gallant and gallivanting major. Mr. Drayton, ducking coyly, accomplishes the funniest five minutes of his career; Mr. Hare, twittering as to the spectacles, makes a good second, though he attempts less charm as he preserves his virtue unscathed.

HERE is, of course, a stock farcical situation, dating even further back than *Charley's Aunt* (which farce, by the way, is at the moment the hit on Broadway!). But this time, at the Strand, there is a slightly new

twist in the situation, the feminine costumes donned being not only highly topical but also curiously epicene, for both the wives are manfully serving their country, one of them in military, the other in naval uniform.

Thus, when the husbands get into these uniforms, it becomes their business not merely to behave like women, but to behave like women who are behaving like men. This calls



John Valentine, an obnoxious evacuee, Judy Kelly, Alfred Drayton in ultra-sporting attire, and Robertson Hare wearing an outsize Scottish uniform

for some subtlety in the execution, without, let me hasten to add, in the least diminishing the breadth of the effect.

Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen



Ethel Coleridge as Mrs. Featherstone, Judy Kelly as Frankie, Alfred Drayton as Alfred Bandle and Robertson Hare as Wilmer Popday, the two latter disguised in their wives' uniforms



Elizabeth Kent as Olga, a beautiful spy

It is, however, nothing new for the mannish woman to figure as the comedian's quarry. What would be really novel would be an impersonation by some comedienne of the effeminate man—an attempt I have never seen made and find it even very difficult to conceive.

For some reason, although it is immemorably funny for men on the stage to dress up as women, it is never funny for women to dress up as men. Actresses in male attire add a piquancy to their attractions. Actors, vice versa, become merely ridiculous. The same also applies to underwear. An actor in his pants is a scream; an actress in her panties is a dream. It must be in some degree exciting however blasé you may be, to see Marlene Dietrich take off her stockings. It can in no degree be exciting, however adoring you may be, to see Leslie Howard take off his socks. If a comedian wants to make absolutely sure of being tremendously funny, he comes on in some costume (whether crowned by cricket cap or opera hat) that exhibits his garters. The house immediately rocks with uncontrollable laughter. But why that is funny rather than fetching is a point I have never been able to understand. I only know that it is so.

HAD the piece been written forty years ago, the action of *Women Aren't Angels* would inevitably have taken place in Gay Paree. Being written today, when there is no Gay Paree, the action takes place in Surrey, which is possibly the fastest county in England. I hope that we shall never be sentimental about Surrey as we are about Paris. If, as I wrote the other day, there should be a close season for sentimental songs about London, still longer overdue is a close season for songs about that little room in that little hotel in that little quarter in Paris—all so inexpensive, so unpretentious, but oh! what a time we had in it.

I would, by the way, also impose a ban on the use by lyric-writers of certain words, such as "magic" and "Paradise," which are in a fair way to becoming thoroughly debased by literary prostitution. If these words could speak and act, they would rise up and slay the vandals who have completely forgotten, perhaps never knew, what real magic is and what true Paradise is like. Words have rights, like human beings.





## “Moods and Fancies”

Beatrice Appleyard in One of Her Own  
Ballets at the Windmill Theatre

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*

Beatrice Appleyard has been dancer, choreographer and ballet mistress at the Windmill Theatre for some considerable time, and went back there a few weeks ago refreshed by a brief return to classical ballet as a guest-artist at the Arts Theatre. She was trained in ballet by Ninette de Valois, and was an original member of the Vic-Wells company, and her revue work has always been influenced by her faith in dancing as an art as well as an entertainment. But she's no nostalgic highbrow: her can-can and tango and danse du ventre are all that the audiences who have now revelled in 143 editions of *Revuedeville* can desire. Miss Appleyard became engaged a few weeks ago to John Pritchett, formerly musical director of *Diversion*, and now a private in the Army





# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Salisbury Races

THERE really was a sea of the right sort of faces at this little meeting. Every fond racegoer who could possibly make it had done so, and it was like skipping back to before-the-war for an afternoon—most invigorating. Lots of smart uniforms, of course, and some pretty nice mufti too. A bright sun and a high wind, to prevent anyone from forgetting they were on Salisbury Plain, and shining, well-fed animals tripping round the ring—as someone said: "Worth two hundred quid in a race to-day—two bob a pound in a butcher's shop to-morrow."

The course was in perfect condition; Gordon Richards rode most of the winners—Salisbury is a meeting at which he always does well—and the King had his first win of the season. We arrived late, and the paper shortage had exhausted both race-cards and badges, but nobody minded that.

## In the Crowd

THE Duke of Norfolk was wearing a neat blue suit and a bowler; the Duchess's hat was decorated with red-and-blue chiffon streamers. Lady Weymouth had a navy-blue straw bonnet with a red bow, and a nice short coat made of russet-coloured foxes. She was with Lady Stavordale and Lord Rosslyn. Lady Grenfell, who likes Union Jack colours, had a gay red coat and blue hat. Mrs. Luke Lillingston was there, and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, without a hat, was made up golden to match her lovely hair. Steve Donoghue and Bert Gordon were well-known sporting characters walking

about, and George Beeby looked smart as an airman. Eric Harcourt Wood was enjoying the last day of three weeks' sick leave uncomfortably obtained by having mumps; and Betty Elliott, now Mrs. Motion, in a snow-leopard coat, was there with her tall soldier-husband. Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby had a young daughter with them, and Miss Hobhouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hobhouse, of Hadspen, in Somerset, looked very pretty in her new F.A.N.Y. uniform.

## In Windsor

LOTS of people are stationed in Windsor now, so there is a good deal going on in the neighbourhood, including two christenings. One was of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Fyffe's daughter, who yelled ungratefully at being given the attractive name of Mariella. The other was that of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Smyly's baby, which Major and Mrs. Pat Smyly were all dressed up to attend.

Gay young Guardsmen, wearing those lovely hats (black, and all over gold, described by someone as "like a comfortable crown"), decorate the streets. Mr. Anthony Murray is a tall and amusing one. Then there is Mr. Joshua Rowley, Mr. Gordon Tozer—son of Colonel "Billy" Tozer, well known in the North—and many, many more.

Having tea in an extremely old house, all over timber outside and in, and called the Cock-Pit, were Mrs. George Lambton and her son, Mr. Teddy Lambton—nearly too tall to stand upright in this old-world tea-shop.

## About Eton

THE leisure of Sunday suggested an inspection of Eton, including the damage to the college—it is a new feature of sight-seeing to have part of the sight knocked down, and one that probably rather widens the public. Straightforward admirers of the fifteenth century wring their hands, but people out of charabancs gape where they have never gaped before.

It is sad that the room where all the boys' names for so long back were carved on the walls has gone, but lots of loveliness remains, and a beautiful, sturdy quiet among the cloisters. And things like the Wall Game wall, and the field fatuously known as Sixpenny. Hearing the clock chime made the whole thing seem like a Hollywood propaganda film about England. The really subtle directors can never resist the nostalgia of chimes.

## "Came the Dawn"

THAT phrase used to be a stock joke, and it is getting to be one again, with the relief it is to see the dawn after some of these nights.

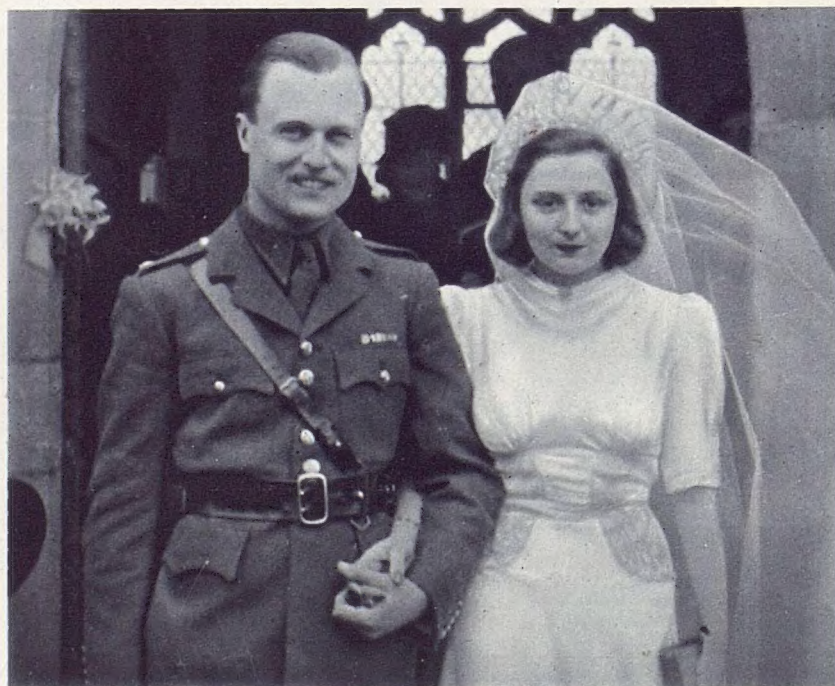
Really, it was extraordinarily beautiful after the last big bombardment of London. Piled up curly smoke, turned exquisitely pink by the sun. And, before that, scarlet with the flames, against which the land-mines could be seen floating ponderously down on their parachutes.

Everything, from glass to hot-water bottles, in the streets; rubble, and the smell of it; fire, smoke, water, steam, ambulances, policemen, firemen, soldiers, and people—all talking to one another, officialness quite forgotten.

## Inga Anderson

WITH eyelashes like the spokes of wheels, and a dress that was scarlet, purple and spangled, this clever girl opened at the May Fair last week. And how clever and attractive she is!

All new songs for her first night, including a lovely one about "Man Friday"—"He may be your man Friday, but he's my man all the week." And a patriotic one about



Major Gurney and Lady Katherine Paget

Major Jocelyn E. Gurney, M.C., Welsh Guards, is the second son of the late Sir Eustace Gurney, and Lady Gurney, of Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk. Lady Katherine Mary Veronica Paget is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey. They were married at Llanedwen Church, Anglesey



Major Stirling and Miss Wedderburn-Wilson

Major William Gurdon Stirling, R.A., and Miss Frances Marguerite Wedderburn-Wilson, daughter of Mr. J. Wedderburn-Wilson, of Burley Bushes, Ascot, Berks., and the late Mrs. Wilson, were married at Ascot. He is the son of the late Major Charles Stirling, and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, of Ropers, Bures, Suffolk





**Capt. Bowes-Lyon and Miss Mary de Trafford**

Captain James Bowes-Lyon, Grenadier Guards, is the son of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon, and a cousin of the Queen. Miss Mary de Trafford is the second of the four daughters of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt., and the Hon. Lady de Trafford. They were married at Brompton Oratory last week, the bride wearing a soft white crepe dress with sunray-pleated skirt, and carrying a bouquet of calla lilies. (Pictures of some of the guests are on page 165)



**Miss de Trafford's Three Bridesmaids**

The bride's two young sisters, Violet and Catherine de Trafford, and Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, her cousin, and youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, were her three bridesmaids, dressed in white chiffon. Behind them are Capt. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Coldstream Guards, her father, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, her brother-in-law and sister, and Lady de Trafford, who is the Duchess of Marlborough's sister

John Bull carrying on which should be popular.

Inga Anderson is Canadian, with just enough Canadian accent to be nice. Just a little rum is all she will drink—apparently it is the only thing non-injurious to the throat. With all the throat epidemics that have been around lately, it must be nerve-shattering to have it be the one thing you depend upon.

#### "Her Excellency"

THE above is the title of a glorious six-penny book of the "Women's World" series. It is all about Myrna, who, spurned by the man she loves, a worthless young naval officer called Dick, marries someone whom she believes to be practically a tramp, having found him, shabby and ill, mooching about a churchyard. To quote: "The mother in her responded to the loneliness in those dark eyes. Ugly he might be—unsuccessful in the worldly sense—but she would know how to be tender to this man."

So they are married, from these splendid motives on her side, and true love on his. Then comes the revelation: "My wife—that's what you are first and foremost," he said. "The woman who loved me for myself. To the world you are Lady Wharton, the wife of Admiral Sir John Sidney Wharton, K.C.M.G., D.S.O.—the Governor of Terrafina."

Her Excellency, of course, goes from triumph to triumph, including showing her worthless ex-love where he gets off, and quelling native insurrections while winning the admiration and adoration of all.

Such is life.

#### Sir Jocelyn Lucas

HIS very many friends are much upset by Sir Jocelyn Lucas's accident on the awful Wednesday night. He joined the A.F.S., and trained, before the war

started, and has been out every night of serious fires ever since, as well as his many other activities, as M.P., Chairman of the Overseas League Welcome Committee, and liaison officer to the Dominion troops.

He was very seriously hurt when a high-explosive bomb fell behind him while he was fire-fighting, and is gravely ill at the moment of writing.

#### Drama in Devon

CREATING a flutter in simple West Country haunts is Eileen Thorndike's experimental theatre school, whose novel principle is to Earn While You Learn.

Eileen Thorndike is Sybil Thorndike's sister, and, in partnership with Herbert Scott, the well-known voice producer, she has taken the Westminster Theatre's Mask School. Among her brilliant young troupe are two stars of to-morrow: Ronald Jeans' son Michael (Ursula is his aunt) and Jane Howard (who at the age of fourteen has written a play which may be produced). She looks rather like a young Empress Elizabeth, and is a granddaughter of Arthur Somervell, who has done so much for English music, cousin of grave Attorney-General Sir Donald Somervell, and graver Montagu Norman.

Young Jane wears a flower in her hair to annoy the gardener; and palest blue corduroy trousers. All the young ladies try to outdo one another in coloured corduroys.

#### Plays and Actors

WHEN Miss Thorndike was producing at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, the Marquess of Townsend and his sister, Lady Elizabeth, were among her pupils. This Entrée des Artistes atmosphere of young theatre world has been making a good deal of excitement in rustic surroundings.

Although there is a no-star policy, and pupils share profits, Paul Schofield, still too young for the Army, has become the local Robert Donat after his performance as Danny in *Night Must Fall*. The author, and original Danny, Emyln Williams, has been in Devon, too, with Angela Baddeley, in *The Light of Heart*.

One of Miss Thorndike's major problems is to find boy actors to replace her young men as they fall under the guillotine of the Army.

#### Flattering Incident

WHEN a lady in the audience fainted during a students' performance of *Ladies in Retirement*, they dared not attribute it to their skill, but put it down to overheating in the local hall. But when, in the next town, another member of the audience fainted at exactly the same point, their joy was unbounded. They had won their spurs!

#### Eating in Soho

IN one of those delightful little places still existing in the Bloomsbury-end of Soho, Sir Kenneth Clark was enjoying brisk conversation and thick Turkish coffee the other night. Sir Kenneth went furthest quickest of the young men of his day, and seemed to be head man at the National Gallery and a Knight within a trice of leaving Oxford. He had some lovely things in his beautiful Richmond house, including a small head by Canova.

In the same restaurant, Mr. William Hickey, whose name still jostles with Beachcomber on the remaining page of the *Daily Express*, was dining with three interesting-looking people.

A clever young man on leave in London is Mr. John Gower Park, well-known stage designer, who now has an administrative job in the Air Force.



## The Cavendish—Mitford Wedding

The biggest of all the wartime spring weddings took place at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, on Saturday, April 19th, when the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's younger son married the youngest of Lord and Lady Redesdale's six daughters. Lord Andrew Cavendish is twenty-one this year, and is in the Coldstream Guards like his brother, the Marquess of Hartington, who was his best man. His bride, the Hon. Deborah Mitford, was also born in 1920

*Lady Alexandra Haig and Lady Burghley, wife of the Marquess of Exeter's elder son, and sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, were two of the guests*



*The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, a bride of last year, was with Miss Jacqueline Dyer. Mrs. Strutt was Miss Zara Mainwaring before she married Lord Belper's eldest son*



*Another 1940 bride, Mrs. Peter Lindsay, went to the wedding; is with Miss Sylvia Muir. She was Miss Jane Kenyon-Slaney, and is the Countess of Hopetoun's sister*

*Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy arrived with Mr. Philip Profumo, younger brother of Mr. Jack Profumo, M.P. for Kettering*



*Lady Dashwood took her only daughter, Miss Sarah Dashwood, who is seventeen this year, to the wedding with her. Sir John Dashwood is serving with a Balloon Squadron of the A.A.F.*



*The Hon. Alan Hare, Irish Guards, the Earl of Listowel's brother, and Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, Lady Kemsley's daughter, are two contemporaries of the bride and bridegroom*



*Lord Redesdale, father of the bride, gave his daughter away, and did so in Home Guard uniform. He was photographed drinking coffee at the reception with Mrs. G. Bowles, of the M.T.C., an aunt of the bride (Lady Redesdale was Miss Sydney Bowles). The reception was at 26, Rutland Gate, which was the Redesdales' London home before the war*





*The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, father and mother of the bridegroom, made a family group with their two schoolgirl daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish, aged fifteen and fourteen. The Duke, who was made a Knight of the Garter in the New Year's Honours, is Under-Secretary for India and Burma. The Duchess is the Marquess of Salisbury's younger daughter*



*For her wedding to Lord Andrew Cavendish the Hon. Deborah Mitford wore a white tulle, crinoline-style dress with a veil and train to match. Her wreath and bouquet were of white orchids. She had no bridesmaids*

*Mrs. Jack, the Hon. Unity Mitford and Mrs. Campbell were among the guests. Miss Unity Mitford is the fourth of Lord and Lady Redesdale's daughters. It is about fifteen months since she arrived home, then very ill, from Germany*

*A couple who were married last year are Mr. and Mrs. Roderic Thesiger. He is in the Welsh Guards, and she was Miss Mary Rose Charteris. She carried a mackintosh and her bonnet straw hat*

*Three more of the younger generation, two of them also carrying their hats, were Miss Barbara McNeill, Mrs. John Dewar's daughter, Lady Jean Ogilvy, who is a cousin of the bride, and Miss Diana Brand*





# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

UNFOLDING our huge furry ears and listening intently to every B.B.C. expert and don giving tongue on the Land, we marvel in our dear mind that not one of them (as yet) has had the courage to give the British hayseed a playful boff on the snuzzle for a little amiable weakness of his which is responsible to a large extent for our present agricultural troubles.

Given that up to about eighty years ago, thousands of British farms which to-day employ three labourers employed about thirty, and that many thousands of acres now sour or derelict were richly producing food, the plight of the Land is by no means entirely due to Whitehall's noted imbecility, or economics, or industrialism, or usury, or Big Business. It's also due—excuse our glove—to that old Island snobbery and those social standards whereby for some time past the agriculturist's sons and daughters are bred to white-collar gentility and disperse automatically to the nearest town to add up figures on a stool and to swell the typist-market. Even a hundred years ago the great patriot Cobbett, noting a change in the furnishing of

farmhouse parlours, was roaring in fury and scorn:

Go to plough! Good God! What "young gentlemen" go to plough? They become clerks, or some skimmy-dish thing or other. They flee from dirty work as cunning horses do from the bridle. What misery is all this! What a mass of materials for producing that general and dreadful convulsion that must, first or last, come and blow this funding and jobbing and enslaving and starving system to atoms!

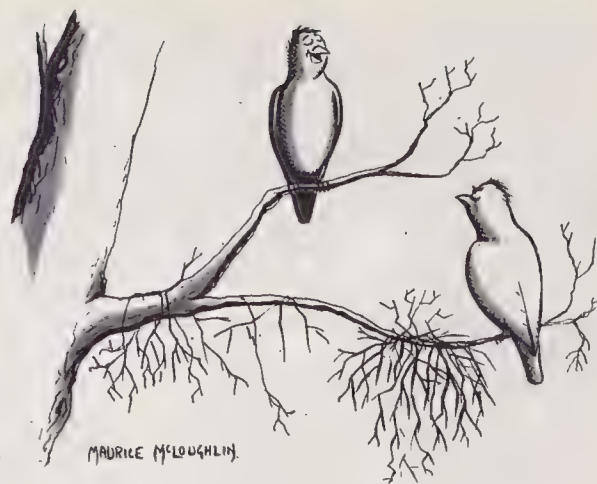
## Reflection

THAT'S what we'd like to hear booming from the microphone once in a while, however many of the terrified B.B.C. boys swooned and had to have their dainty staylances cut. Or if Slogger Cobbett is too strong for polite ears, there is a text or two worth embroidering in Kipling's memoirs on the topic of budding agricultural craftsmen in Sussex turned by modern Progress into meritorious menials and black-coated clerkdom. "Which things," observes Kipling, "are a portent," and how right that often-wrong little genius turned out to be. Jump to it, B.B.C., the rooks are laughing at you.

## Slur

STILL musing on these rustic things, we picked up a paper and found some prig or other sneering at our dear Surtees, in whose happier England we frequently take refuge from present discontents. Squire Surtees (said this prig) wrote like a stable-boy.

It may be that being brought up without the thrilling fragrance of the harness-room in its nose makes this type say things like this. Maybe its thin petrol-tainted blood is revolted by all those lusty apple-cheeked thrusting sportsmen of Mr. Jorrock's and the Flat Hat Hunt and the Goose-and-Dumpling Harriers—a primary kind of rustic Mohock, doubtless, but how their simple romps refresh and how their glowing health invigorates! We grant you that Surtees is unequal and that he never recaptures the verve and richness of *Handley Cross* and *Mr. Sponge*; also that he has an infuriating habit



"My dear, you should see our place—  
not a twig standing"

of occasionally making up imbecile Fourth Form names like "Blatheremskite Muff" and "Miserrimus Doleful" and "Lord Lionel Lazytongs, son of the Marquis of Fender and Fireirons." But our feeling is that the Squire wanted to get on with the hunting and just couldn't be bothered.

Coleridge or somebody once said there must be something morally wrong with a man who doesn't like apple-dumplings, and in our unfortunate view a chap who, whether horsey or otherwise, can't get any solace nowadays out of Surtees's England, so sweetly pastoral and so full of quiet (also noisy) fun, must be a vapouring sissy, and you can quote us as saying it. And incidentally, will anybody who denies that "Handley Cross" is Ashford (Kent) with a dash of Tunbridge Wells kindly step outside and repeat those words?

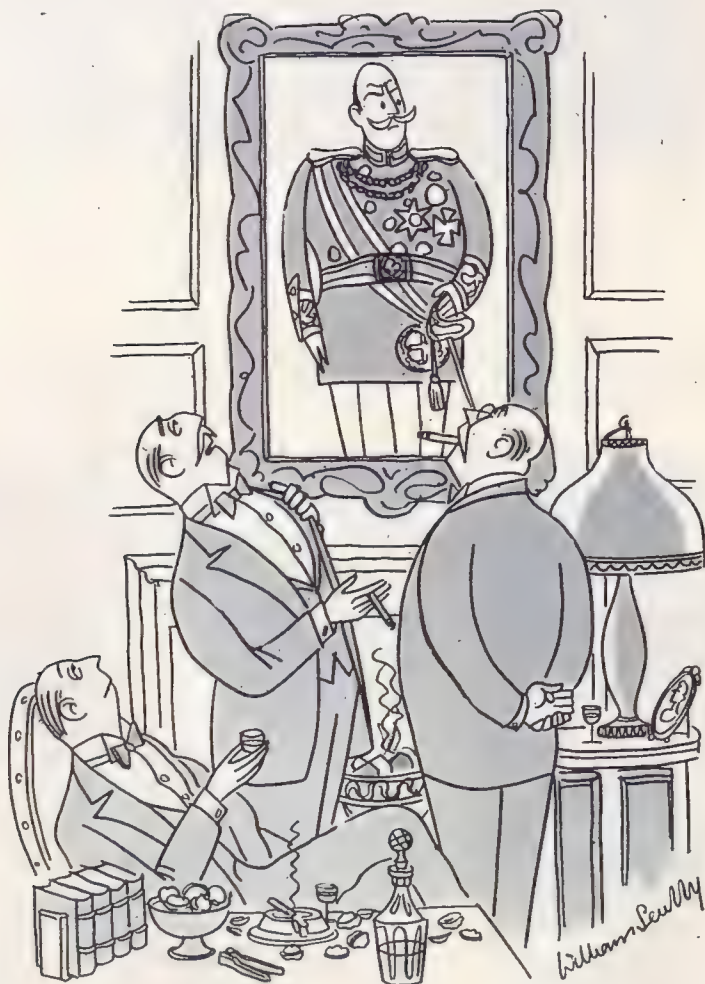
## Tip

THROWING prudence to the winds, the stars have announced three positive concrete dates to their breathless buddies the astrologer boys, assembled in solemn conclave at Harrogate the other day. Invasion takes place May 9th-11th, a new Messiah arises May 11th, and the end of the war falls on December 31st.

Why a new Messiah should be due next month is difficult to understand, seeing there's one in the field already, namely that young Hindu announced officially to the world—unless we err miserably—by the late Mrs. Besant a few years ago; a very charming, modest, publicity-hating youth indeed, by all accounts, and Krishnamurti by name. There may be one or two unofficial native Messiahs in this country as well. There generally are. Some British Messiahs fail to arrive, like Dame Joanna Southcott's much-trumpeted offspring Siloh, and others arrive all right but get in wrong with the Government, like a Messiah of Elizabethan times, a Mr. Coppinger, who had no sooner announced that he was going to judge the City of London with fire and sword than Cecil's Ogpu grabbed and hanged him at Tyburn; for it was a nervy and bloody period and Elizabeth's Government had the willies very badly. Hanging is no longer an occupational risk, it appears, though one never knows.

Taking it by and large, and musing on the myriad superstitions of this age, there is hardly a popular superstition of the Middle Ages which doesn't seem to us nobler, more grown-up, more intelligent, and

(Concluded on page 166)



"He fought a splendid war of nerves and rumour"



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## Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“And remember, my man, no matter what branch of the Service you belong to, you have your back to the wall. There must be no falling back”





*At a Palm Beach Wedding-Party*  
Mr. Lanfear Bardley Norrie, of New York and  
Christobel More-Molyneux, of Loseley  
Quinby, Virginia, and Miss  
Molyneux, daughter of Mrs. More-Molyneux, of Loseley  
Park, Guildford, Surrey, were married at Palm Beach  
from the villa of Mrs. George L. Mesker, who is with  
them here. They went to Brazil for their honeymoon



Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys were in Florida  
on ten days' leave when the Norrie—More-Molyneux  
wedding took place. He is the former Liberian  
Minister in London, now head of the Netherlands  
Trade Commission in America. She is  
his second wife and was Miss Lorraine Manville



Mr. Maurice Fatio and Mrs. Dieborn were also at  
the wedding-party. He belongs to an old Swiss-  
American family and is a first cousin of the  
bridegroom; is a well-known and fashionable  
architect in the U.S., and has built more than forty  
palaces and pied-à-terres in Palm Beach alone

## Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

### Red Cross News

THE American Red Cross has given infinitely more to England than any war charity organisation. To date the amount is over two and a half million sterling. The Junior Red Cross—that is, the children—pays for the maintenance of thirty-five English country houses as homes for children from bombed areas.

You would be charmed by the persistence of American school-children. They contribute so much per week out of their pocket-money, and are always devising ways of making more by, for example, giving toys into a general "dip," then paying ten cents each for the pleasure of dipping for their own possessions. Hardly a day passes without someone coming to the house to collect "in aid of Britain."

A million new garments have been shipped by the 3700 Red Cross Chapters covering the forty-eight States. Aside from gifts to the British Red Cross, the American Red Cross has given the W.V.S. £175,000 for purchases on the spot. So onward flows the tide of kindness and generosity, for which we can never show sufficient appreciation.

### Ardent War Workers

MME. DE GRIPENBERG, tireless worker for Finland and for her native England, left New York for Florida surrounded by dictaphones, projectors, slides, brief cases and straw hats—"pas de moderation," as her hostess's French maid remarked.

At Miami Beach and in Nassau, "Peggy" was helped by Rodney Soher, one of our most able collectors, who tried to start a "Spitfire" Fund with American towns on the fuselage, but encountered legal complications.

In Nassau they found "Billy" Bishop, V.C., on the Emerald Beach, and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, very thrilled about her husband's lieutenant-colonelcy. Otherwise all the same bodies as when I wrote from there.

### The Theatre and the War

WITH his hard work as chairman of the Carnival for Britain behind him, Gilbert Miller is thinking over a play called *R.A.F.*, which should bring him better returns than his recent half-hearted Hungarian offerings. He also contemplates an American historical musicale, circa 1791. All the managers will want to do "superior" musical plays, now that Gertrude Lawrence's is such a success.

Mrs. Charles Graves's talented brother, Rowland Leigh, was responsible for the reproduction of *Gabrielle*, from a story by Thomas Mann called *Tristan*, which, you may

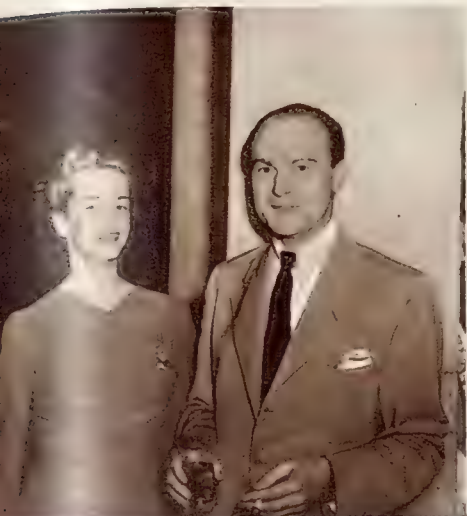


The Hon. Mrs. Harry McGowan, who was Carmen Cory, was visiting Palm Beach with her mother, Lady Cory, and her baby son. They are living in Canada. Her husband, Lord McGowan's elder son, is serving in the Middle East



Mrs. John Jacob Astor III, nee "Tucky" French, was another guest at the Norrie—More-Molyneux wedding-party, which began as a late-afternoon reception at Mrs. Mesker's villa, and went on as a dinner and dance at the Patio





Mrs. Bob Amcotts Wilson sat next Mr. Charlie Munn at the evening part of the wedding-party. She has now joined her husband, Sir Mathew Wilson's brother, at Rio de Janeiro, where he is Naval Attaché

Mrs. Raymond Guest and Brazilian Señor Almani were at the same party. She was Lily Polk (daughter of the American diplomat) before she married the famous polo player, who is now in the U.S. Navy

Lady Patricia Latham was one of the English guests at Christobel More-Molyneux's Palm Beach wedding. She is with Mr. Channing Hare, the American sculptor, who has just done a head of her. She is the Earl of Drogheda's daughter

remember, served as the background for the great German exile's first full-length novel—*The Magic Mountain*.

Geicie Fields, of whom nothing was heard for months after those questions in the House, appeared with Dorothy Giel, Paul Draper, the dancer (as gifted in his way as Aunt Ruth) and Dennis King, at a B.W.R. affair in Boston, where all the best people look more English than the inhabitants of an English cathedral town.

English women whose stage work is most admired here are not the cuties (the native breed being much cuter), are Flora Robson and producer Margaret Webster. The latter is continuously in the news. After her *Twelfth Night* comes *The Trojan Women*, due at the end of March in the Gilbert Murray translation.

Even more interesting is the news that Miss Robson hopes to play *Anne of England*, by two women writers, with Laurette Taylor as the Duchess of Marlborough.

When asking why *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* has not yet received a production here, I got the impression that American audiences are considered too sentimental and romantic in the main to appreciate Shaw, though his wisecracks appeal enormously to the American sense of humour, especially the latest. A young reporter asks the venerable bard what he thinks about the war. His sublime "I don't; I didn't start it," is on a par with the apocryphal London headline: "Continent isolated by fog."

### Sporting Items

RAYMOND GUEST is now in the United States Navy, having been on the Reserve. Brother Winston, whose wife has been seriously ill for several years now, is rumoured to be joining up. He has resigned the presidency of the United Hunts' Racing Association.

The new president of Aqueduct race-track, near New York, Mr. Theodore Knapp, is well known in England, where he considers the racing as delightful as it is uncomfortable.

There is a story going round the tracks to the effect that Epinard, the famous French sprinter, lost during the German onrush, was found near Paris hauling vegetables, and returned to the Wertheimer stable. I doubt the happy sequel.

That there is still a great deal of money in Hollywood is indicated by the tote at Santa Anita, which turned over one and three-quarter million dollars the other day.

Among those unexpectedly wintering in California is American-born Lady Bateman, widow of the third Baron, and former denizen of Grosvenor Square. She knows more about China than most Chinese experts have forgotten, and would be in her favourite travelling ground, if the United States Government had not recalled all passports.

There is enthusiasm among the horsey anent the importation to California by Louis B. (movie) Meyer of Australia's leading sire, Beau Pere, by Son-in-Law out of the Coronation Stakes winner, Cinna. Bred by Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine's father, Beau Pere never won anything much, and was sold for 100 guineas. Since his arrival in New Zealand about seven years ago, he has sired outstanding winners there, and later in Australia.



Mr. and Mrs. Marc Sevastopoulos, U.S. refugees from Biarritz, are two Russians well known in London. She was Princess Elizabeth Cantacuzene, and lived and worked here for some time before she married Marc Sevastopoulos in 1939 as his second wife

Below: Miss Dolly Van Stadé was chairman and Captain Gaylord was M.C. of a British-Greek War Relief Party at Aiken, South Carolina. She is a debutante, and Whip of the Aiken Drag. He is British, and has taught innumerable visitors to the famous winter resort to ride



### At a British-Greek War Relief Party

Below: Mr. Richard Gambrill, his debutante daughter Anne, and another deb, Patricia Cutler, were at the Aiken party which made 3000 dollars for British-Greek War Relief. He has a pack of beagles, and is well known over here with the Duke of Beaufort's. Miss Cutler was wintering in South Carolina with her aunt, Mrs. Breeze, who is a sister-in-law of Lady Ancaster



Sisters at the War Relief Party were Miss Anne and Miss Jane Wood. Anne Wood passed top in every civil aviation test in 1940, beating many men, and holds every available "ticket," including that of ground mechanic





## The Younger Generation

Miss Angela Lloyd Thomas is the younger daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, a sister of Lord Bellew. She helps her mother with a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen, and is studying Art at the Slade School at Oxford

Miss Elizabeth Melville, 18-year-old daughter of Mrs. Melville, of Ford's Hill, Bolney, Sussex, came out at the Queen Charlotte Ball this year. She is studying for the stage and has appeared in many entertainments for the troops

Miss Angela Lloyd Thomas

Miss Elizabeth Melville

Photographs by Harlip, Lenare, Navana, Dorothy Wilding

Miss Susan Winn is the younger daughter of the Hon. Charles Winn, brother of Lord St. Oswald, and of Lord Queenborough's eldest daughter, the Hon. Lady Baillie, of Leeds Castle, near Maidstone. Miss Winn's elder sister, Pauline, was married last year to Squadron Leader the Hon. Edward Ward

Miss Daphne Hine, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Hine, of the White House, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, made her debut at the Queen Charlotte Ball. She works in a canteen for Canadians; is a member of the Red Cross and also an A.R.P. warden

Miss Susan Winn

Miss Daphne Hine





*Miss Antonelle Newland*

The only daughter of General Sir Foster Newland, and of Mrs. A. R. Carr, Miss Antonelle Newland speaks four languages. She lived in Italy for many years. At present she is working at a hospital in the country. Her hobbies are riding and skiing.



THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
APRIL 30, 1941

*Miss Diana Hambro*

Miss Diana Hambro is a member of the well-known banking family, of Norwegian descent. She is the daughter of Mr. Charles Hambro and grand-daughter of Sir Eric Hambro. She is nursing at a hospital somewhere in England.



*Miss Anne Mackenzie*

A grand-daughter of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the first Liberal Premier of Canada, Miss Anne Mackenzie is going to the United States next month to act as mannequin for the British Export Trade. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, of London and Etretat, France.

Miss Audrey Siddeley is the only child of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Siddeley, of Poynings, Northumberland Avenue, Leamington Spa, and grand-daughter of Lord Kenilworth. She was born in 1922, and was one of the debutantes who went to Grosvenor House for the Queen Charlotte Ball.

*Miss Audrey Siddeley*



The Hon. Esmée Harmsworth, younger daughter of Viscount Rothermere, travelled out to Canada with her 15-year-old brother, and went on to New York to help with "Bundles for Britain." She returned to Lisbon by cargo boat, and thence by air to England, to become a member of the M.T.C.



*The Hon. Esmée Harmsworth*



# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## Interesting Reminiscences

WHEN people sit down to write their reminiscences, two problems face them—or should face them, anyway. One is whether merely to relate the incidents of their life and how they came about. The other is to reveal the many changes which life wrought in themselves, their inner selves, and why these changes played such a large part in their destiny. A perfect autobiography should, of course, combine these two elements in their rightful proportions, but one very rarely comes across such perfection. On the other hand, half-measures are always exasperating, either in confessions, settlement of disputes, or politics.

So perhaps it is wise of any writer who wishes to tell the world one side of the story of his life, to decide which it is going to be—a psychological revelation or a kind of delightful conversation, a general conversation, printed instead of spoken. This latter is, of course, the easier to accomplish. It only needs a certain vivacity of mind and the conscious knowledge that what will delight some symbolical aunt may not necessarily be of immense interest to outsiders. Even so, this method has its pitfalls. Some people can make the trivial amusing and entertaining, while others seem only to

add to the triviality when they pass it on. Such folk, of course, should never attempt to write their autobiography; since, unless, metaphorically speaking, each chapter is an adventure, the reader soon suspects, and the suspicion makes him restless, that outside the "battle" the writer is rather a bore. So we have to wade through long passages of a banal childhood, skip gaily through love into marriage without being thrilled, and end up with a long chapter about how the author has enjoyed every moment of his life and is, consequently, quite resigned to death. Which, incidentally, I should never be if I had had all that fun and my limbs and senses had not yet ceased properly to function. Such autobiographies, one feels, are dashed off between meals, and the only enthralled reader from beginning to end is the writer himself.

No, the most delightful autobiography to read is not necessarily the one which contains the most incidents, the greater number of famous names, the more perpetual dashings-about all over the world, but one which is the more vivaciously written, so that when nothing very much is happening, the entertainment is equal to, and often better than, when the author remembers relentlessly that he is, or should be, the central attraction. Such an autobiography of a light kind is *Rich in Range* (Hutchinson; 18s.), by Captain George Marochetti. The title explains its contents, even though it exaggerates a little.

## Pre-War World

COMING at a moment when sausages are a butcher's "favour," and onions should be placed in engagement-rings, I found it rather delightful to re-discover a world where people lived on the fat of the land without coupons, when there was a "queen" in Dinard, and several on the Riviera; the Savoy was The Savoy, and, so to speak, whenever Mrs. Vanderbilt or Mrs. Astor smiled or frowned upon somebody in New York society, the smile and the frown had repercussions in London and Paris. One knew that none of it really meant anything fundamental to life's joy or agony, but it was amusing to listen to and watch the social comedy. And Captain Marochetti manages to repaint the old, half-forgotten social picture without snobbery, without guying it, without making more of it than it was—a little world of its own, with many virtues and not a little silliness; but bravely exhibiting a brilliant veneer. His charm is that he was able, by reason of his birth and position, to



Viscount Mersey

Another recent autobiography is Lord Mersey's *"A Picture of Life"* (John Murray; 18s.). It covers a wide world and a long life; its author was born in 1872, and has been soldier, diplomat (in Russia, Turkey and China), war correspondent (for "The Times" in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897), politician, company director, historian and writer. He has been Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords since 1933.

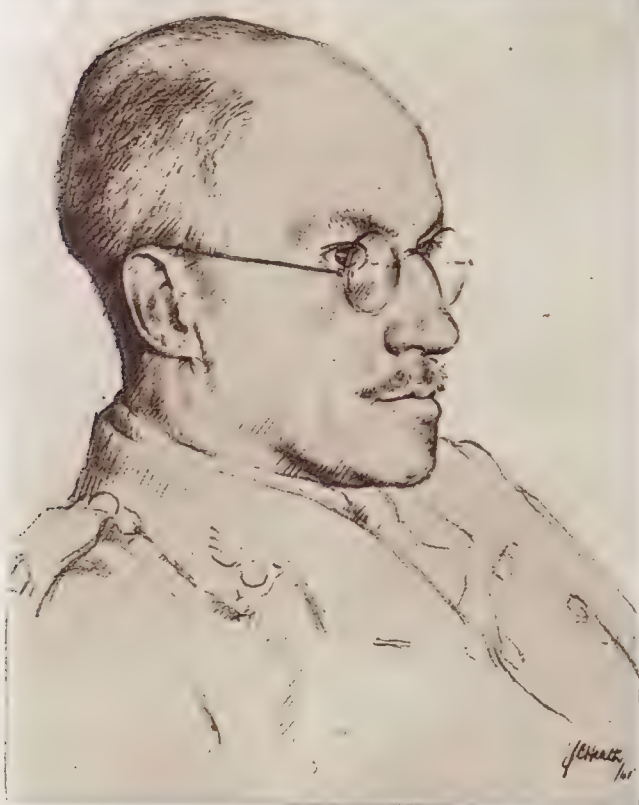
stand, so to speak, a little outside it—not critically, but not blindly bemused.

By social right he belonged to that world, but he was a good mixer, and as he was often short of ready cash—well, there is nothing like losing a bit of a fortune to open up another chapter in life's always uncertain story. He took the ups and downs of fortune in his stride, and even when he wasn't exactly enjoying his experiences, he was always interested in them as a novelty. And that, perhaps, is the secret of enjoying life, and is certainly the secret of being good company. And his book is certainly good company—like an always interesting and sometimes amusing general conversation between people who have been places, done things, and met famous people, without ever shoving their "ego" down their listeners' throats in an effort to hold their attention.

## The "Range"

CAPTAIN GEORGE MAROCHETTI was born in the lovely Chateau de Vaux, went later on to Oxford, and joined the British Army early in the Great War. After the war he was sucked into that period of hysterical frivolity which was so characteristic of the years 1919-1930. What bores they were at the time; what greater bores the remnants which still remain have become! Bored by it himself at last, he obtains a position in Vienna, and we have in his book yet another picture of the chaos, the jealousies, the bitterness, the human littleness, which characterised those who buzzed around the signing of the Versailles Treaty, and sought to interpret its clauses. He illustrates the effect of it by many interesting little pictures. For instance: "It [the Esplanade Hotel in Berlin] was packed with a crowd much like any war crowd,

(Concluded on page 174)



Major Eric Linklater

Eric Linklater's twentieth book is his autobiography, called *"The Man on My Back"* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). He has been soldier, newspaper editor, teacher, politician (as a Scottish Nationalist), but mainly, for the last eleven years, a writer, springing to fame with *"Juan in America"* in 1931. He is now in the Royal Engineers. This portrait of him was made by a fellow officer





## Hollywood Bride—Mrs. Vaughan Paul

It will take some time for the fans of this gay singer of the dreams and triumphs of adolescence to recognise her as a married woman. Deanna Durbin, nineteen-year-old star who earns one of Hollywood's top salaries, was married ten days ago to a twenty-five year-old film director, Vaughan Paul. They met when Deanna was making *Three Smart Girls*, and, according to her, he has been her only beau, and they will love each other for ever and ever. After a huge but unfashionable wedding at a Hollywood Methodist church, the Pauls went off for a month's honeymoon, and will go back to an English-style "cottage" now being built for them. Meantime, a new Durbin film is on the way—*Nice Girl*, in which she plays a more sophisticated part than usual, and has Franchot Tone and Robert Stack as her partners. Joe Pasternak, who "discovered" Deanna when she was fourteen and has produced all her eight films, is in charge again



## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

mostly German officers. I walked to my table. Every single officer in the room rose and stood at attention until I had taken my seat. It was not a pleasant experience; it was tragic. Yet at the same time it was typical of the German mentality, understanding of which might have saved another war. The military caste then knew the price which they were paying for their folly, they knew what in after years they pretended not to know, that they had been defeated. If only then Germany had been subjected to a military occupation, how much less anxious she would have been to repeat the experiences of war."

He was in Rome when Mussolini's party was in an almost ignored minority. He returned to Rome after they had come into power. He met Mussolini himself, and was not impressed. "He seemed then to have so little to offer and no backing; he was not even fanatically inspired, and, although his personality was arresting, he was obviously uncertain of his own opinions, so that I did not attach to them any great importance." Leaving Europe, he went to Madagascar, and later on to New York. Then back to London as a representative of the *New York Times*.

So, all through the book, he flits back and forth, and yet each change of scene finds him not in the least blasé or hypercritical. This makes his autobiography so easy to read and so interesting. All of it may not be important, but not a chapter of it is dull.

### Thoughts from "Rich in Range"

"SIMPLICITY in privacy is very easy, but communal simplicity is not."

"The ability to do nothing and enjoy

it means for the American man idleness, and the enjoyment of doing anything which does not bring in good money he cannot understand."

"We must stop judging the best Americans by those who are the best advertised."

"Certainly to-day people 'have fun,' but how little gold goes to the tinselly glitter, how little, indeed, *can* go. Quietness and greater learning, a wider education, and more popular amusements one can find, but not grandeur."

### John McCormack's Life-Story

As Mr. L. A. G. Strong remarks in his interesting book, *John McCormack: The Story of a Singer* (Methuen; 15s.): "The singer is and must be an incorrigible egoist." Well, I suppose that applies to most very successful people, but singers—even would-be's—seem to live in a world of their own, in which their heaven's gift is the complete dictator. This may easily make them slightly boring, when they are not actually singing, and tends, if they are famous enough to write an autobiography or have a book written all about them, to make them individually all of one pattern; or, at least, to appear so on paper. This monotony Mr. Strong has avoided very successfully. All the more successfully because, in the beginning, the story is much the same. The simple childhood, the years of concentrated study, the early failures, the later sensational successes, the subsequent meetings with monarchs and other great folk, the confounding of the earlier critics, and then journeys all over the world, singing to vast audiences who are almost monotonously "marvellous."

However, midway through this book, John McCormack is allowed to take up the story himself. Thus, when the tale of the early struggles ending at Covent Garden,

the Metropolitan Opera House, and elsewhere comes to an end, leaving, as the reader fears, only the story of one triumph after another (and vocal triumphs make usually dull reading unless you remember them yourself) to fill up the book, you are delighted when McCormack steps in to make your personal acquaintance, as it were. He tells you of his various tours all over the world, of his impressions of the countries he visited, the people he met. He lets you a little way into his private life, and it is all very agreeable. It completes the portrait which his biographer had begun so pleasantly, adding the finishing touches.

Altogether this is the life-story of a great singer with a distinct difference. But a greater difference comes at the end, and makes the book distinctly valuable. Mr. Strong's first admiration for McCormack was aroused through the singer's gramophone records, of which he now possesses no less than 160. A list of these is attached, not only of McCormack, but of all the famous singers with whom he has come in contact, and who are mentioned in the biography. It puts an interesting and valuable finish to a life-story which is always interesting and readable from beginning to end.

### Story of Frustration

"THE COTTAGE" (Michael Joseph; 8s.) is Mr. Crichton Porteous's first novel, and although it has many faults, chiefly of construction, it has a personal appeal which makes them very easy to forgive. Briefly, it is the story of a very commonplace frustration, not the less sad because lots of men and women understand it from experience. It is the frustration of a man who tries to make the best of two worlds, and is beaten only by those with whom he wishes to share his ambition.

Bertram Wisket works in Manchester—the period is the end of last century—at a job in a cotton mill. In his spare time he tries to run a farm just outside the city. He has a wife and seven children. Therein lies the snag, which always seems to be attached to every ideal. For the girls, living and working on the farm, yearn for town life, where they hope in smartness to rival their provincially fashionable cousins; the boys, desiring only to live country lives, are compelled by their father to work in the town, where salaries are much higher and prospects considered to be brighter.

The great quality of this tale is that one easily understands the point of view of each member of the household, and so can sympathise with it. Thus it turns out that the frustration of Bertram Wisket, when at last he is compelled by circumstances to surrender the one world which he really loves, the country world, to become engulfed by a suburban life, is our own frustration too. Mr. Porteous, telling his story as a personal narrative, gives it an intimacy which becomes almost a confession. Jerky and meandering though the construction may be, the humanity of the plot holds it together.



### A Christening in Wales

Enid Olivia Barstow is the baby daughter of Major and Mrs. John Barstow, and was christened recently from Chapel House, Builth Wells, the home of her grandparents. In the group here are the Hon. Lady Barstow, Lord Trevelth's sister, and the baby's grandmother; the Lord Bishop of Swansea and Brecon, who officiated; the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Van der Noot, Lord Cullen of Ashbourne's sister; Mrs. Barstow, who was Diana Yarnon Mills before her 1934 wedding; Major John Barstow, R.H.A., Sir George and Lady Barstow's elder son; and Sir George Barstow



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



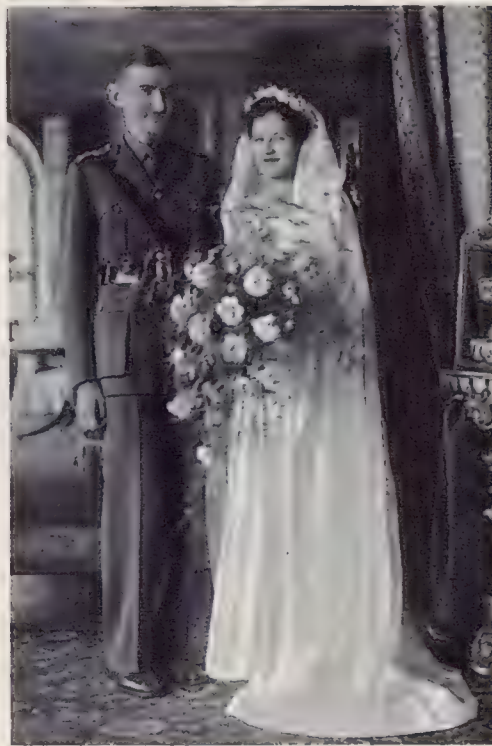
*Allfrey—Reizes*

Captain Basil Allfrey, 9th Lancers, son of the late Herbert C. Allfrey, of Tetsbury, Glos., and Mrs. Betty Reizes, of 20, Grosvenor Square, W.1, were married at Caxton Hall register office. She is his second wife



*Pamela Barry-Power*

A few weeks ago Pamela Barry-Power, younger daughter of the late Capt. F. Barry, and Mrs. W. N. Power, of Old Court, Whitchurch, Herefordshire, announced her engagement to Capt. Stephen Garnet Wolseley, R.A., eldest son of Sir Edric Wolseley, Bt., and Lady Wolseley, of Wolseley Hall, Stafford



*Jenkins—Walker-Heneage-Vivian*

Capt. Charles Derek Fraser Jenkins, R.A., only child of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Jenkins, of Crossways, Bridgend, and Ann Blanche Walker-Heneage-Vivian, second daughter of Admiral A. Walker-Heneage-Vivian, of Clyne Castle, Swansea, were married at Clyne Church



*Marshall—Holloway*

Lieut. Cloudesley George Bullock Marshall, R.A., and Suzanne Holloway, younger daughter of Dudley Holloway, of Moda Cottage, Esher, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Esher. He is the elder son of the late Cloudesley H. B. Marshall, and Mrs. Marshall, of Warren Wood, Wrotham Heath, Kent



*Mrs. C. F. de la Mare*

Lilias Margaret Awdry, daughter of the late Major C. S. Awdry, and Mrs. Awdry, of Hitchambury, Taplow, Bucks., was married at St. Mary's, Hitcham, to Lieut. Colin Francis de la Mare, R.A., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter de la Mare, of Old Park, Penn., Bucks.



*Skinner—de Levis-Prizer*

Flt.-Lieut. Stanley H. Skinner, R.A.F., younger son of Sir Hewitt Skinner, Bt., and Lady Skinner, of 12, Hyde Park Place, W.2, and Joyce de Levis Prizer, younger daughter of the late Rodney de Levis Prizer, and Mrs. Prizer, of New York and London, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy  
(Concluded on page 179)



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## His Majesty's Win—Its Value

WHILST the monetary value of Myrobella colt's win at Salisbury is nothing, its other value is incalculable. At a moment when an earthquake and a barrage of meteorites would be pleasing interludes in our drab existence, the fact of his Majesty keeping his horses in training is a great stabiliser, and it is purely for that reason, as I personally view things, that the King is adopting this course.

Racing has a great commercial value to this country, but there is something more than commercial value in Longships, Myrobella colt and others. The gallant head of this Empire has said, "Heads and hearts up"! It is a grand message!

The original Bahrám, after whom the sire of the Myrobella colt was named, was described by a well-known Persian polo addict as "a great hunter." The Aga Khan's 1935 champion (a triple-crown winner) was a lot better than hunter class, so that actually it was a rather unhappy effort in nomenclature.

## A Royal N.O.

THE Greek nation is said to be immensely proud of having one of its Royal Princes on active service with the British Mediterranean Fleet as a fully-qualified British officer. This is H.R.H. Prince Philip of Greece, who has been serving in the British Navy since January 1940, has now been present at several minor engagements, and at the recent glorious action off Cape Matapan was in charge of the searchlight control in the battleship Valiant which

lit up the cruisers Fiume and Pola, sunk by the 15-in. guns of his ship and H.M.S. Warspite.

Prince Philip will be twenty this June. He is the son of the eldest sister of Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, Princess Alice, who married Prince Andrew of Greece, son of King George I. of the Hellenes, brother of Queen Alexandra. Prince Philip is therefore first cousin to King George II. of the Hellenes, and a double cousin of King George VI. because: (1) Queen Victoria was the great grandmother of our King and of Philip's mother; (2) the King's grandmother—Queen Alexandra—was the sister of Philip's grandfather—King George I. (father of Philip's father). His grandfather, two uncles and cousin (the present Lord Milford Haven) are, or were, all in the Navy. Prince Philip passed the entrance examinations entirely on merit and, what is more, was awarded the King's Dirk as the best all-round naval cadet in 1939—the most coveted honour.

At 17½, in the Plymouth Command Naval Sports, he staggered everyone when he beat all the full-grown champions at the ancient Greek sport of throwing the javelin. He is a fluent linguist, having been at preparatory schools in both France and Germany, but his public school was Gordonstoun, in Scotland. I feel that enough has not been made of the propaganda value of all this, from the British point of view, in having a representative of our allies doing so well with us. With an English mother and so many English relations, Prince Philip talks English without the trace of an accent, and really is indistinguishable from the best type of English public schoolboy. From all accounts he thought the Battle of Matapan a feast of fun. Let us hope that it will not be the last, as assuredly it will not, for there are a few other people still left with whom the British Navy has to settle accounts.

## Jack Wodehouse

WE shall ever remember him as that. Lord Kimberley was "Jack" to everyone who knew him, which is tantamount to saying to everyone who loved him, for no one could do the one thing without doing the other. He was as surely killed in action as if he had been in the front line—as, indeed, we all are at this moment—for he was doing good work as a Home Guard in his own county, and before that had been serving in the Censorship Department at one time housed in a very famous prison. I have a quite typical letter written from that address, in which he said: "You will see that I have at last got my deserts and am here for a long stretch." This arrived in the earlier days of this war, and in it he also spoke of the future of polo—not very hopefully, I fear, as how could anyone with the cavalry abolished, and a very small prospect of anyone's having even the price of a polo ball left by the time we've finished paying for this war?

Even long after his active-service polo days Lord Kimberley was a great prop and stay of Polo G.H.Q., a member of the



## A Young Competitor

A successful Horse and Pony Show was held at Newlands, Arborfield, near Wokingham, Berks. Mr. Sam Marsh was one of the judges, and is seen summing-up the mount of a very young competitor, Miss Patricia Moss, who is only six years old.

Polo Selection Committee, a sage counsellor and a super-good handicapper. Cricket was his other game: he was an Eton Rambler; but from Cambridge times onwards polo was his first love. He was in his 'Varsity team, 1903-04-05, the latter two years skipper of a winning side and marked down as most promising, but it was in the Old Cantabs that he first broke upon us as a player of high class. He was in the O.C. teams which won the championship at Hurlingham in 1908, 1910, 1912, 1914 and in 1920-21—a record.

The Old Cantabs were really Mr. Walter Buckmaster's team, and first went into action in 1900, beating a good Hurlingham side three to one in the final. They won again in 1904 (practically the same team, Godfrey Heseltine coming in back for L. McCreery), and beat Handley Cross (with two famous people, Neil Haig and W. G. Renton, in the stern sheets) 7 to 1. Jack Wodehouse first came into the side in 1908 as a back, and Walter Buckmaster has often told me that he taught him how to play this game. No one could have had a better tutor, and the pupil showed that he had profited by the instruction by being selected to play back in the International side of 1909 against America, in which year, incidentally, we were beaten. Walter Buckmaster had been in the winning teams of 1900 and 1902.

Jack Wodehouse's last International appearance was in 1921, the first contest after the last war, England then being the holders. Leslie Cheape, the 1914 No. 2, having been killed in the war, the obvious choice for the vacant place was the former International, and he was, in my opinion, the second-best man on the field in the two teams, that living polo marvel, "Dev." Milburn, being the best. England was beaten, but not disgraced. In the last war Lord Kimberley was a Scarlet Lancer, and it can be justly said of him *et militavit non sine gloria*.

## The Army's Toughest

TO march into The Citadel barracks in Cairo as a subaltern in the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade in 1902 and to lead your old battalion back into the same barracks



## Members of an A.T.S. O.C.T.U.

Women of the A.T.S., training in an O.C.T.U., include Cadet I. H. L. Dashwood, a keen farmer, and sister of Sir John Dashwood, and Cadet (Mrs.) E. A. Baring-Gould, who wears ribbons of the Red Cross of Estonia and Lithuania.



*A Smart Turn-Out*

Mr. R. G. Nares had a smart turn-out to show in the driving class, and took a young friend, Miss Keble, with him as passenger. He handles the reins confidently and is getting his pony to stand well. The Horse and Pony Show at Arborfield was held in aid of the H.M.S. Garth Comforts Fund

*Outside the Judging Ring*

Miss Heather White with her pony, Graceful, and Miss Jenefer Clement-Davies with Shettie are standing outside the judging ring. They await the fateful moment when their turn will come to appear before the judges. The owners look slightly worried but the ponies are totally unmoved

thirty-eight years afterwards when you were G.O.C. Forces in Egypt, I should think must be something more than just a regimental record. This, however, was done by General Sir Maitland Wilson, now commanding the British Forces in Greece in the fiercest and nearly the first real fight we have had with the Boche.

It is a scrap which must be particularly after his own heart, for General "Jumbo" Wilson is rated as about the toughest nut the British Army has owned within the memory of the most grizzled veteran. There has been, and there still is, all the material necessary for a most bloodsome fight, and we cannot but hold our breath until we know how things are going to turn. The situation is just about as ugly as anything could be at this moment, with odds of probably more than 10 to 1 against us.

H. M. Wilson left Eton for Sandhurst in 1899, joined the 2nd R.B. in 1900, and got his baptism of fire at the "Riflemen's Battle," Bergendhal (Belfast) in the same year. At various times when I have met the 2nd Battalion of the R.B. there has been a celebration. So far as I remember, Rifle Regiments had it all to themselves on that occasion, and many officers may still be surviving who remember one "Jul-lundur's" battle-cry. Being wounded, but not badly enough to stop him, he got things a bit mixed up and his hardly-needed exhortations

were quite definitely entertaining. In other realms Sir Maitland Wilson is a very good shot and very keen on fox-hunting, and in the Army he has always been rated as a C.O. who had the knack of making the dullest exercise interesting.

#### *The Adlon*

NONE of the communiqués so far received have told us whether Berlin's smartest hotel, the Adlon, has escaped the general blasting which has at long last been awarded the best street in the German capital. The Adlon is on the same side of Unter den Linden as the Staats Theater (i.e., the left as you go towards the Brandenburger Tor), and as they tell us that the whole of this

fine roadway has been well plastered, and the big blocks of offices on the other side opposite the Adlon have been laid out, it will be surprising if the hotel has escaped. It will be a pity if it has been destroyed, because, as anyone who has ever been there will agree, it is one of the very best in the wide world, particularly where food is concerned. The Herr Ober, when I was there, had been in London for years, cursed the war for having interrupted a pleasant and prosperous interlude in his existence, and was most anxious to get back. Like many of the staff, he spoke English with hardly the trace of an accent; even the Diener spoke our tongue with a North-Country inflection.

*Some Officers of the 17/21st Lancers*

Stuart

Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. G. V. Goodrich, A. R. Main, C. I. Grant, N. Martin Bird, the Rev. F. Martin, C.F., Lieut. N. B. Minty, R.A.O.C., Sec.-Lieuts. C. Y. van D. Edwards, T. A. Lumley Smith, Lieut. T. P. Blanshard. Centre row: Sec.-Lieuts. G. M. A. Wernher, C. R. Peacock, M. C. Watson, Major R. W. Peters, C.I.H., Sec.-Lieuts. P. R. Lockett, P. S. Taylor, G. V. Micholls, Capt. Sir G. D. A. Warren, Bt., G. F. C. Brooke, Sec.-Lieut. D. P. Chapple-Gill. Front row: Capt. J. K. Maxwell, M. Eveleigh, Major R. L. V. French Blake, Major H. C. Walford, Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Hurnell, Major the Hon. R. G. Hamilton-Russell, Capt. F. W. Strang Steel, M. L. E. Heathecot, Capt. and Q.-M. E. W. Cooper



## The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

## Lydia Comes Back

By John Collier

Illustration by C. F. Tunnicliffe

"THE cruellest trick, and the strangest trick, ever played by a woman on a man," said the hotel-keeper, "was put over right here in this little town."

The man was Ben Tunwit. He was one of those simple, old-fashioned, rather wooden-looking fellows, the sort whose wrists somehow always stick out from under their coat-sleeves; a lanky chap with a face as pink as if it had been boiled, and hair the colour of string.

He was just the same clumsy-looking type of youngster when he was at high school. It was then he first saw Lydia Wakefield; it was then her mother first

moved into the town. The mother was a widow. She was a Polish woman. She just turned up, took a cheap little house down by the tracks, and set up to teach music.

Lydia was ten at that time. They said she was as pretty as a picture, but I've yet to see the picture that could hold a candle to her. Ben, four or five years older, no sooner saw her than he fell for that kid the way some of these big, clumsy youngsters will, and he made himself a slave to her. Generally, that sort of thing passes over in a few weeks, but with Ben it lasted, and it got stronger all the time.

Well, we all got used to the sight of Ben

trotting after her, happy as a king if she deigned to be pleased with a doll's carriage he spent half his holidays in making, or miserable as a homeless pup if she was in one of her tantrums with him. First the boys stopped making wisecracks about it—Ben saw to that—then the older folks began to take it for granted; pretty soon it was looked on as a settled thing.

When a thing is looked on as settled in a small town like this it's mighty hard to dodge out from under it. There's a sort of pressure, if you understand me. Nobody says anything, nobody tries to butt in, but it's understood that that's the way things are. The weight of public opinion, as you might say.

Lydia felt it, as soon as she was old enough, and she didn't like it a bit. Not that she wasn't fond of Ben: she was. They'd grown up together, and they'd sort of grown together. Besides, Ben could put on a pressure of his own. He had that slow-moving sort of nature, with all the persistence and the patience in the world. Remember this, too: a slave can get a hold on his owner, just as much as the owner has on the slave.

So Ben, with his patience, and his tolerance, and his kindness, developed what you might call enveloping tactics. "O.K.," he'd say, when she went skittering off with some other beau. "Don't worry. You'll come back to me." That made her madder than hell. I've heard her cussing the daylights out of him in the coffee-room here, where the youngsters get together Saturday nights. Right out in front of everybody she'd do it, and him redder than a beetroot, he was so shy and so ashamed. But, all the same, he'd speak up: "Run along, then," he'd say. "Don't worry, you'll come back to me in the end."

There was one thing she used to say to him that burned him up worse than anything else. "I can just see myself," she'd say—this was when they were in sight of the marrying age—"I can just see myself as Mrs. Mute, the undertaker's wife. No, thank you."

The fact is, old Mr. Tunwit, he ran the funeral parlour in this town. He had the business over a pretty big district; the Tunwits were among the most prosperous people in the neighbourhood. Ben would have been thought a pretty good catch by any girl in our residential section, but not by Miss Lydia, living in that little house down by the tracks, with the Polish mother and the music-teaching. No, she reckoned somehow the business wasn't artistic, or something.

Well, old Mr. Tunwit died when Ben was still no more than twenty-four or five, and, being no fool, Ben took in the chief assistant as a sort of junior partner, because age counts a good deal in that line, and he carried on every bit as well as his father had done. Pretty soon he was on at Lydia to marry him. "Oh, no," said she, every time he asked her. "I don't see myself as Mrs. Mute, thank you."

"Don't worry," said Ben. "You'll come to me in the end."

"Why can't you let me alone?" she'd say. She'd say it right out loud, here in the coffee-room, or at a party, or anywhere, when he'd been whispering to her in a corner. "I don't want to be loved. I want to do the loving. It's not you, Ben: it's this devotion of yours. It's everybody. It's this town. It frightens me. I'm going to get away."

Sure enough she did get away. Her mother died, and when everything was settled up there was a little heap of dollars over;

(Concluded on page 188)



Right out in front of everybody she'd do it,  
and him redder than a beetroot



# Getting Married (Continued)



**Light — Beaton**

Sq.-Leader Douglas Charles Light, R.A.F., and Mary Beaton, younger daughter of George H. Beaton, of the Manor, Brampton, Hunts., were married at St. Mary's, Brampton. He is the younger son of Mrs. Maude A. Light, of Nansholme, Sydenham



**Lawrie — Grant**

Reginald Seymour Lawrie, M.D., younger son of the late Colonel W. G. Lawrie, and Mrs. Lawrie, of Cedar Cottage, Berkhamsted, and Jean Eileen Grant, M.B., elder daughter of L. J. Grant, of Drumnadrochit, Inverness-shire, and Mrs. Grant, of A. Queensholme, Cheltenham, were married at St. Giles's, Oxford



**Gibson — Fuller**

Flying-Officer Peter Bailey Gibson, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Gibson, of Burke Lodge, Beaconsfield, Bucks., and Judy Cavendish Fuller, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Cavendish Fuller, of 171, Sussex Gardens, W.2, were married at St. James's, Sussex Gardens



**Griffiths Hughes — Turner**

David Ligat Griffiths Hughes, son of the late W. Griffiths Hughes, and Mrs. Griffiths Hughes, of Telham, Battle, Sussex, and Vivian Irene Turner, daughter of the late Major R. F. L. Turner, and Mrs. Turner, of Radley Lodge, Wimbledon Common, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



**Knapp — Baird**

Flt.-Lt. John Bruce Knapp, R.A.F., and Sheila Joan Baird were married quietly (owing to the illness of the bride's mother) before Easter. He is the son of R. Bruce Knapp, of Lindford Hall, Wolverton, Bucks., and she is the only child of the late F. A. Baird, and of Mrs. Baird, of Stroud, Glos.



**Gardiner — Carnegie**

Dr. Peter Ambrose Gardiner, M.B., B.S., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gardiner, of Coombe Hill, Surrey, and Bridget Mary Carnegie, only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Carnegie, of 11, St. John's Park, Blackheath, S.E.3, were married at the Savoy Chapel



**Salmon — Osborne**

Sec.-Lt. George Barnet Salmon, the London Scottish, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Salmon, of 61, Kensington Court, W., and Francise Peabody Osborne, daughter of Charles Glidden Osborne, of Highfields, Marlow, Bucks., and the late Mrs. Osborne, were married at Kensington register office



**Mrs. Russell**

A recent bride was Patricia Mathilde Tickell, daughter of the late Capt. J. A. Tickell, of Whittlesford, Cambs. She was married at Portsmouth Cathedral to Lieut. Russell, R.N., son of the late Major George Blakeley Russell, of Instone, Devon



**Lade — Tanner**

Lieut.-Colonel L. C. Lade, R.A.M.C., of Tasmania, and Third Officer V. M. Tanner, W.R.N.S., were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. H. J. Tanner, of Richmond, Surrey



# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Reichgloom

**G**LOOM of the more glutinous kind—the kind that sticks to the fingers and gets in the hair—is a German speciality. The Germans are the grand masters of gloom, the greatest living exponents of loutish morbidity and the manic depressive. Yet when their airmen involuntarily drop in on us by parachute, somebody rushes to offer them a cup of tea.

It is at once an objective gesture of hospitality and an oblique criticism of German methods of making war. It is the tannic-acid touch; a case of turning the other teacup and heaping cosies on the heads of our enemies.

If members of the Luftwaffe begin again to arrive at the rate they did last September Lord Woolton will have to release special additional supplies of tea. After all, tea may be our secret weapon. On the few occasions I have drunk the stuff it tastes like it. But the point is that no amount of tea relieves the German gloom.

## Caught Unbending

**W**HEN these German airmen are captured they show themselves as unbendingly sullen, dejected and deadly dumb and dull. It is reported that Australian soldiers who had captured a couple of Germans spent hours trying to make them smile, but without success. Not a flicker showed on those wide open, Nordic faces.

The exercise of tact, which Lord Fisher defined as insulting a man without his knowing it, appeals somewhat to civilised peoples when they are temporarily overcome by their enemies; and the English airman, I take it, if forced to bale out over Germany, will exercise this kind of tact. But the German airman has no regard

for anything except rudeness in the nude. At the coarser kind of insult, at provoking duels over nothing (see *Black Record*) at all, the varied but unpleasant forms of juvenile crime, the Germans are adept. It is an offshoot of their lack of laughter; of their chronic cachinnatory constipation.

I used to think that we in this country were about the glummiest people on earth. But our gloom-cherishers are merely mental; the German ones go about their business knowingly and thoroughly. They cultivate gloom as lovingly as if it were a new poison-gas. It will in the end prove more deadly—to them.

## Demolition

**I**F it were not for the casualties I still could not feel a pang of regret for the London buildings that have been demolished in air raids. Those buildings were mostly a bore. They were part of no design or plan. They occupied space which would have been much better devoted to a few blades of grass and trees.

If only we could protect the people—and it appears that the methods now being used are to some extent succeeding in doing that—the buildings would not matter. In fact, the more the buildings are destroyed the greater our opportunity of creating a better London in the future.

Lord Reith—who made a very poor showing in aviation, for, with great opportunities, he left British commercial flying no better off than when he came to it—may perhaps do better with rebuilding. But he should realise first of all the advantage of *not* building. Trees and grass and flowers are still the only things that can make a city delightful. If we allow London to accumulate again as it accumulated before, and to

stifle the living things and exclude them, we shall deserve to have it all blown up again.

## Aircraft in Use

**U**P to the time of writing these notes we have not seen any new types of German aircraft, though we know that some are in preparation. On our part we go into this year's air fighting strengthened not only in numbers, but also in the technical quality of our machines.

Among the bombers we have not only the new Stirling, Halifax and Manchester machines, but also the American types, including the Boeing B-17C and the Consolidated Liberator, both of them four-engined monoplanes capable of taking big loads great distances at fairly high speeds.

In the fighters we have the Mark II, Hurricane and the Mark III, Spitfire, and the new types which include the Tornado (with Rolls-Royce Vulture engine), the Whirlwind and the Beaufighter.

Fighter efficiency is really the product of performance multiplied by fire-power. In both these things the new machines show an advance on earlier types. Some of them are equipped with cannon, and all are highly developed in speed and climb.

Fighter speeds this year will be around the 400-miles-an-hour mark; bomber speeds—in the heavy class—will be around 300 miles an hour. Day bombers may not show much improvement. At any rate, nothing has been said of any new kind of day bomber likely to constitute a big advance.

There is, of course, the American Martin B-26, which, judging from the photographs, I would regard as the best-looking medium bomber yet put into production, but I doubt if this will be available to us in quantity for some little time.

## Day-Bomber Policy

**I**T is in day-bomber policy that we have been backward. There can be no object in concealing the fact. Fortunately, the Germans have not been very advanced in this respect either. But the day bomber might be developed along novel and interesting lines.

I revert to my suggestion, placed before the Air Staff shortly after the outbreak of war, for an assisted take-off day bomber of extremely high performance. My idea was to use an unarmed machine, carrying a bomb load of 2000 lb. with a range of 2000 miles and a top speed of over 400 miles an hour.

I did not, as some inventors do, put up the idea in a vague form and ask the authorities to work it out for themselves; I put up a complete concrete specification by one of the greatest designers we possess. The scheme was turned down for no reason I have ever been able to discover.

Now we begin to see the need for such a machine. The night attacks on the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau at Brest could have been followed up by effective day dive-bombing attacks had we possessed machines of the type I proposed. But you cannot send out 250-miles-an-hour day bombers to try and pierce heavy fighter defences as well as heavy anti-aircraft fire. If you do so, you will lose heavily.

However, this unaccountable error of judgment on the part of the Air Staff is offset by its many feats of far-sightedness and correct judgment, especially in the selection of fighter types and of armament equipment.



Officers of an R.A.F. Training Station Somewhere in England D. R. Stuart

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Third row: P.-O.s F. M. Mann, F. D. Whiteley, F.-O. C. E. Astley, Flt.-Lieut. J. H. Hurt, P.-O.s L. C. Marrow, G. C. Morris, J. H. Bourne

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# Bubble and Squeak

## Stories From Everywhere

IT was guest night in the mess, and the Irish colonel was telling an exciting story of an encounter with a wounded elephant which charged at him and bore him to the ground. At the critical moment an orderly entered to say the colonel was wanted on the telephone.

He was absent for some minutes, and on his return had forgotten which of his favourite stories he had been telling.

"What happened, colonel?" asked one of the guests. "You were telling us of your dangerous situation."

"Oh, I kissed her," said the colonel airily. "She simply couldn't resist me, and we dined together that evening. Her husband never knew."

THE two old dears had got to the confidential stage.

"No, I ain't a widow," explained the first. "It's like this, dearie. Two years ago I sent my husband out for a loaf of bread, and he's never been back since. It's got me properly worried. What would you do?"

"Well," replied her friend thoughtfully, "if I was you I wouldn't wait any longer. I'd just slip out for another loaf."

THE foreman of a gang of railwaymen had more than his share of Irish wit.

One day he was walking along his section of the line when he found one of his men fast asleep in the shade of a hedge. Eyeing the man with a smile, he said: "Slape on, ye idle spalpeen, slape on. So long as ye slape, ye've got a job; but when ye wake up, ye're out of work."

THE small girl had been rude to the housemaid.

"Betty, I'm surprised at you," said her mother, in shocked tones. "Only yesterday Mary told me what a polite little girl you were!"

"Ah," replied Betty blithely, "she should have touched wood!"

HE was charged with striking a woman in a bus, and the judge asked him what excuse he could offer.

"Well, sir, it was like this," replied the culprit. "She got in the bus and sat down. Then she opened her bag, took out her purse, closed her bag, opened her purse, and took out a penny. Then she noticed the conductor was going upstairs, so she opened her bag, took out her purse, closed her bag, opened her purse, put in her penny, closed her purse, opened her bag, put in her purse, and closed her bag. Then she saw the conductor coming down the stairs, so she opened her bag, took out her purse, closed her bag, opened her purse, took out a penny, and closed her—"

The judge could bear it no longer.

"Stop!" he cried, "you'll drive me crazy!"

"That's just what happened to me, sir," said the man.

A CELEBRITY was placed next to a talkative and inquisitive maiden lady, who bored him excessively with her questions.

"Tell me, won't you, what was your greatest ambition as a child, and have you attained it?" she asked.

The celebrity looked at her sadly, and said: "Madam, I regret to say I have never attained my boyhood ambition."

"And what was it?"

"Madam, my greatest ambition was to throw an egg into an electric fan!"

"PORTAH, portah! Come heah at once!" cried an Englishwoman from a carriage window to a Scots porter in that aggravated accent that always seems to put a Scotsman's back up.

"What d'ye want?" asked the porter.

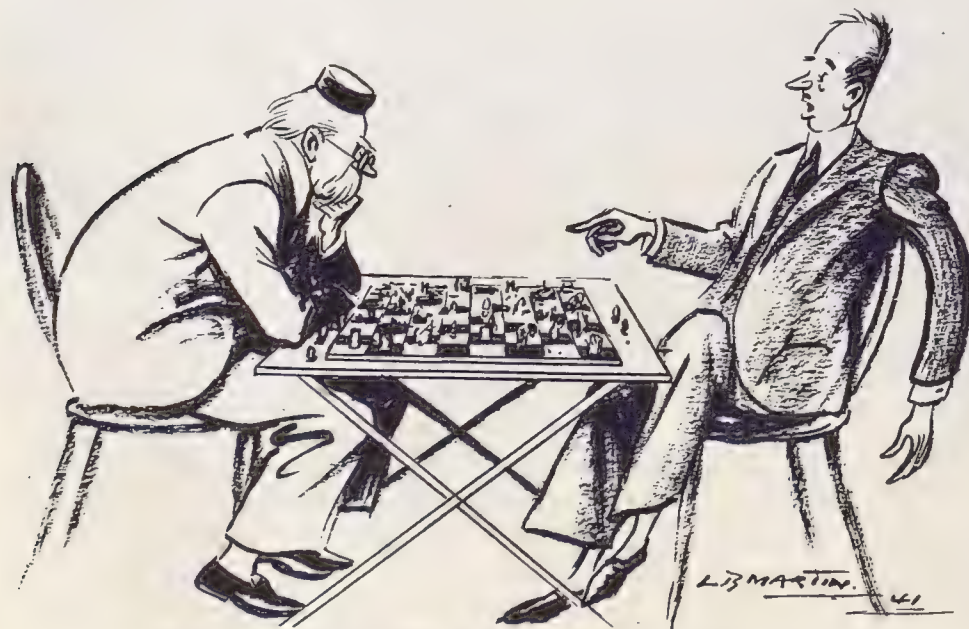
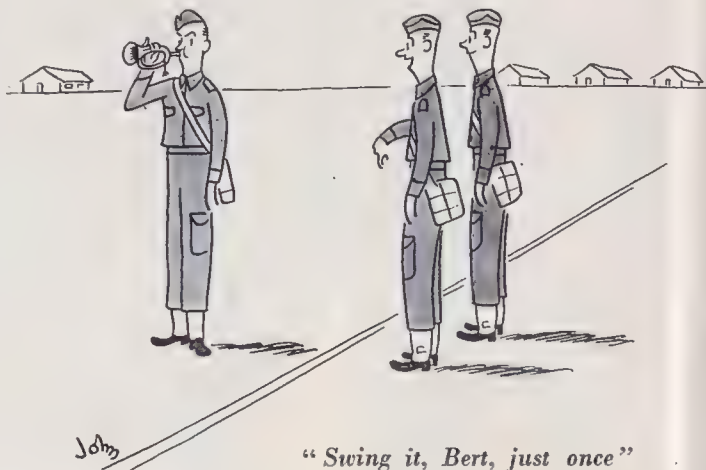
"Portah, I've lost my luggage."

"Then," he said, turning round and strolling away, "for what wa'd ye be wanting a porter?"

THE Home Guardsman patrolling the canal towing-path in the black-out heard footsteps, and gave the challenge, "Who goes there?"

Receiving the answer, "Friend," he commanded the unseen figure to advance three paces and be recognised.

"Don't be daft," came the reply. "What do you think I am—a duck? I'm on the other side of the canal!"



"Hadn't you better play the one with the cobweb on it?"

THE following "snippet" is taken from "Beachcomber's" famous column in the *Daily Express*.

Balm Corner: "Dear Sir—I have for some time been under the impression that my ears were growing longer. What should I do? Yours truly, 'Anxious.'"

"Live in a field, sir. If nobody throws you a carrot, with the cry of 'Hullo, Neddy,' you will know it is all right."

ONE of the high-up Nazi chiefs bought a large country house which, a local paper reported, cost 60,000 marks. One morning, pinned to its main door, was a card which read: "Where did you get the 60,000 marks?"

Highly indignant, the victim offered a reward of 1000 marks to anyone unmasking the perpetrator.

Next morning another card was found pinned on the door, with the words: "Where did you get the 61,000 marks?"

THE sergeant was drilling a batch of recruits, and saw that one of them was marching out of step. The sergeant, being one of the sarcastic sort, went up to the man and said:

"Do you know they are all out of step except you?"

"What?" asked the recruit innocently.

"I said they are all out of step except you," repeated the sergeant, thoroughly angry now.

"Well," was the retort, "I can't do anything about it. It's your job to tell them you're in charge."

The sergeant's reply is, of course, not fit for this paper.





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## The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke

Women have decided that the "bolero" suit shall be represented during the spring and summer of 1941. All the newest ideas in this respect are to be seen in the Hershelle models, designed and carried out by H. Bernstein, 9 Great Titchfield Street, London, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. The Hershelle ensemble below consists of a check suiting skirt reinforced with pockets, a bolero and a blouse with short sleeves. Sometimes the coats and skirts are of contrasting materials; nevertheless there is always a connecting link, such as the arrangement of the pockets, pipings or buttons. A new note is struck in the lambs-wool swagger coats with built-up necklines; they are warm and light. Tuxedo facings of ocelot peluche are seen in the natural fleece coats



Viyella has such a world-wide reputation for excellence in every respect that it has been decided to increase the family. Among the other members is "Clydella." It is somewhat similar but is lighter in weight, and is available in plain colours as well as in checks and stripes. Should it be difficult to see the newest designs write to William Hollins at Nottingham and they will send the name and address of their nearest agent. The tunic dress pictured above is of Clydella, and is an artistic study in green, red and grey. It is seen in conjunction with a white blouse and quilted jacket, also of Clydella, which may be regarded as one of the triumphs of the day



"Braemar" (Innes Henderson, Hawick) have inaugurated a new "Stitch in Time" Service, for even this knitwear and underwear cannot last for ever. They have therefore arranged to repair and reshape it; of course, there is a nominal charge for this. It must be sent to them through the retailer; the good work that is performed is wonderful. The suit portrayed on the left is a product of this firm, and it is a great consolation to remember that after a lengthy period of downright hard wear it may be completely regenerated when the aid of the "Stitch in Time" Service is sought

"Stitch in Time" Service

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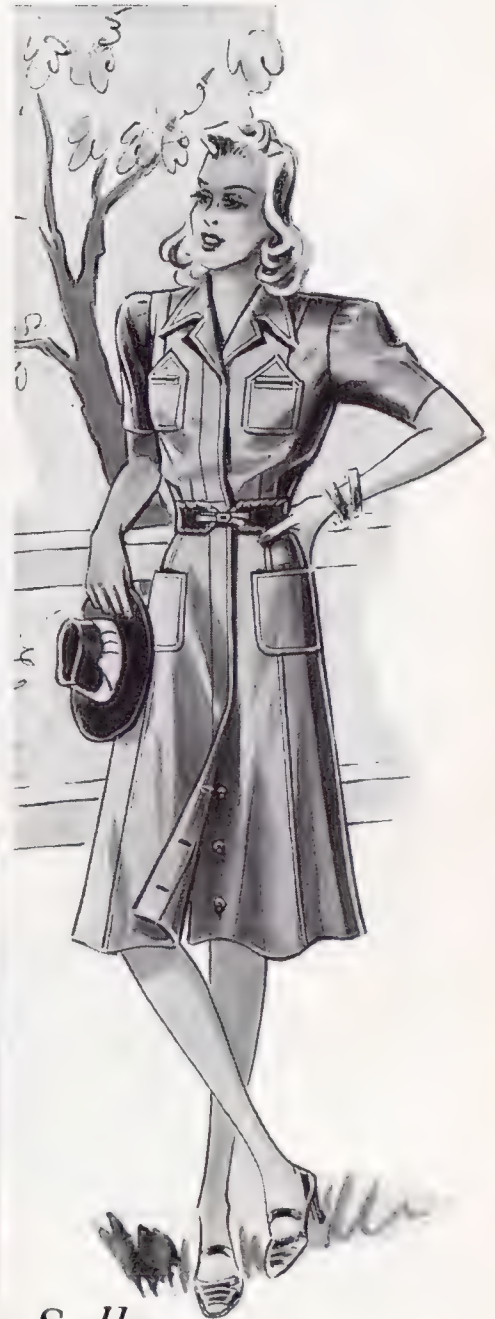
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## Sally—left

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# Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

"M—THIS train will stop when required at the platform adjoining Bramshot Golf Course, near Fleet, to set down members of the golf club." That legend may be read in time-tables of the Southern Railway as you pause in your pace up and down a platform, and from idly wondering whether the courtesy is still extended, or if there are any golfers left to claim it, you will pass to reminiscences of good times enjoyed on that loveliest and best of Hampshire's inland greens.

My own go back to a remote date when women had scarcely set foot upon the sacred soil, but Press and stage were allowed to visit it for an all-day match; how somebody who had to be on when the curtain went up for the first act was going down the nineteenth hole when the train was due, but appeared somehow in the right place at the right moment when 8 p.m. came and the curtain rose.

Then, years later a county match: Hants v. Middlesex it was, with a win for each. Last score of all, only three months before a grimmer curtain rang down on life as it was known, Great Britain v. France. What a day of thrills and delights that was—thrills because it was quite on the cards that France might win, of delights because the sun shone and the course was ideal, and Lally Vagliano (as she was then) is a fascinating genius to watch, and Madame René Lacoste was an old friend, and Mrs. J. B. Watson had welded the British six into an excellent team.

How many years is it going to be before Great Britain and France meet like that again? What has happened to all those courses in occupied France, one of which would have seen the 1940 match? Le Touquet we hear of now and again as visited by our bombers: when shall we revisit it?

ALL of which is a long way to travel as a result of one footnote to a time-table, but stations are made for travel—somebody ought to write a book about stations. Perhaps it might suitably be included in the Batsford series, with some striking illustrations by the man who used to contribute photographic masterpieces that made the commonplace seem unusual in the BYSTANDER, or his lineal descendant who immortalised the sole of the boot of the foot of the man who digs for victory.

Perhaps I might even write such a book myself. It could have a wartime section chiefly devoted to those stations whose national anthem (recorded) is all change. Or those chiefly concerned with golfing

up of certain holes on certain golf courses. Of course the compulsion is tactfully veiled, and seldom needed; the clubs are generally quite willing to co-operate, though there is natural reluctance when a useful acreage for wheat cultivation can only be obtained by the sacrifice of some fine tree which has governed the line to the hole for decades, or the obliteration of some perfect hazard which was only made after hard fights on the part of the green committee, and which, allowed to go now, may never be replaced.

It was comforting, if one lives in a land of sandy perfect golfing country, to hear that on such good corn cannot be grown, and it would be pure waste of the ratepayers' money, let alone that of the golf club, to run a single furrow across the precious turf. On the other hand, those clubs who have hitherto lamented over the heavy pasture-like nature of their fairways, the subsoil of which even the most euphemistic house agent could only label clay, would now be capable of helping the nation as the prime producer of food crops. Those suckers requiring local rules from October to March inclusive, those latest gadgets in ball cleaners and boot scrapers which used to tell their mute inglorious tale, are now the badge of the club which grows more food, honourable talisman of services to be rendered.

## GOLFERS' SPITFIRE FUND CLOSES MAY 1st

Donations to Miss Helme here. No deduction for expenses. 90% to purchase of Spitfire, 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Acknowledgments only in *Fairway and Hazard*.

pilgrimages could fill another. "Leuchars Junction, change for Sentandrews" was a cry to make the heart of the golfer leap within him. So was Drem, with its line for North Berwick, or the funny little line that took you out to Westward Ho! from Bideford, until in the last war an unimaginative government tried to send its engines overseas, and only got them so far as Lundy, where they were sunk by a submarine within sight of the Pebble Ridge, guardian of those Northam Burrows where lie the links of the Royal North Devon Golf Course.

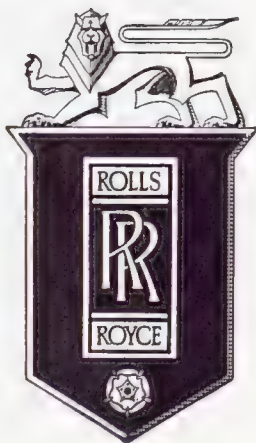
Yes, the golfing section of my railway book would have some places worth writing about, of that there is no doubt.

THE other day I came across an agricultural expert, one of a county committee whose duties include the issuing of commands for compulsory ploughing

*The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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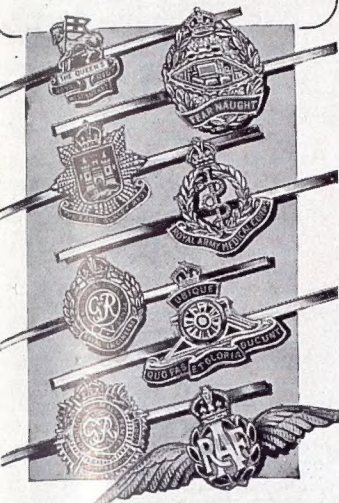
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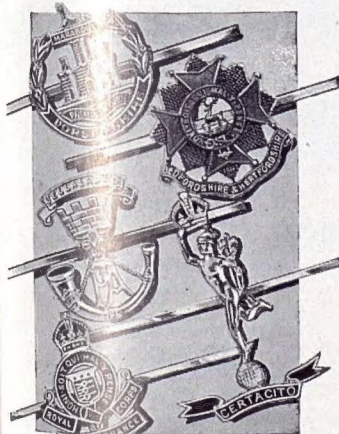
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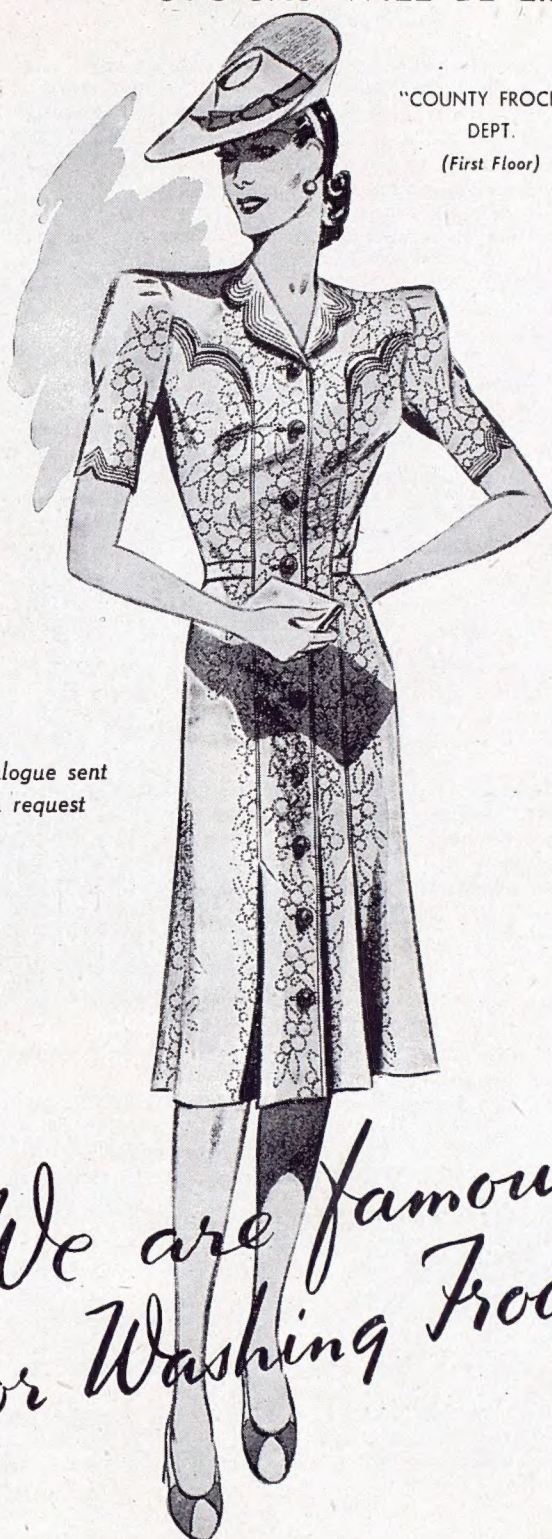
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## Lydia Comes Back

(Continued from page 178)

enough to take her to New York. Her idea was, singing. She sang well enough; nothing great, as she'd say herself, but she thought it might give her a start. If not, she thought she could go in for modelling for hats and gowns, or be a hat-check girl, or a sales girl, anything as long as she got away, and had her chance in New York.

Of course, Ben was broken hearted, but nothing he could say made any difference. She was very sweet and tender to him, everybody noticed it, but he couldn't budge her an inch. "Cheer up," she said. "I'm not the one for you, anyway, any more than you are for me. You'll be better when I am gone."

"No," said he. "I shan't. And we are the ones for each other, only you don't realise it. But I'll wait. Nothing will ever make any difference to me, Lydia. You've got to remember that, always. I shall be waiting. You'll come back to me in the end."

Well, it didn't look like it. We used to get news of her, chiefly through Ben. He'd always tell any one who asked. She had a little singing job, I think, and then, as she'd said, she took on with the modelling, and, with her looks, it seemed she was no end of a success.

She even had her name in the paper. Ben showed me the clipping. Something about "our colourful friend Sammy Kensler squiring the beautiful Lydia Wakefield at the Waldorf."

"Who's this fellow Kensler," I asked him.

"He's some sort of a millionaire," said Ben. "Always on at her to marry him," she says. "Don't worry. It's just that she's young. She likes that sort of thing."

It went on like that for a goodish while. Ben got sort of older, but you could see he hadn't given up, and never would. Seems she did marry one of 'em. It wasn't this Kensler, it was some other guy, but that didn't last long. Ben didn't take much notice of that. He said he knew it wouldn't.

Then came the big crash, and a lot of the millionaires weren't millionaires any more. Maybe there wasn't so much modelling to be done. We never got to hear all about that, because there was a long time when she wrote hardly at all. When she did write, she said everything was grand, but she didn't give the details.

Then one day, two or three years afterwards, Ben was in his office, and the phone rang. It was Lydia. "Ben," she said. "You were right. I'm coming back to you. I'm on my way right now."

"Where are you?" said he.

"I'm at Rutland," she said. "I'm on the train that gets in at six. I want you to meet me."

So Ben rushed down to the station, crazy with joy. I saw him go by his face was lit up, and sort of dazed.

It seems he got to the station, way ahead of time, and he saw the train come in, and the people get off. No Lydia.

"Don't worry," said he to himself. "Maybe she got left behind when she slipped off to phone at Rutland. She'll get the next train. She's coming back to me."

At that moment the porter touched him on the arm. "Mr. Tunwit," said he, "I think we've got what you're waiting for."

With that he took him to the van at the back, and there, in charge of some little clerk from one of these city places, was a casket. The cheapest, most pauperish casket you've ever seen in your life, he told me afterwards.

And that was Lydia. Can you explain that phone call? No, I reckon there's a good deal in life you can't explain.

Well, Ben was like a man struck by lightning. He changed. Naturally, he put her into the best casket he had, and he buried her in a plot of his own, right at the top of the cemetery, under a big tulip tree that grows there. I don't know if you've seen our cemetery. It's a pretty place.

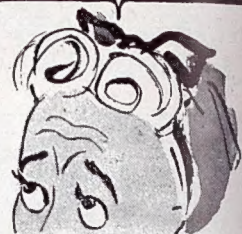
I went to see him. I didn't know what to say. I just sat there. All of a sudden, he puts his hand on mine. "Don't worry," he said. "I was upset at first, I didn't understand her. I was sort of slow. But she meant it. She's come back to me. We belong together all right. She's back, and that's all that matters."

Then he walked to the door with me, and went back, and it seems he sat down in his chair, because that's where they found him in the morning. He'd just written two lines of a note, asking to be buried right alongside of her. And, of course, that's what was done.

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